

FALL "back-to-school" ISSUE

Disney

MAGAZINE



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IN THIS ISSUE

Inky the Crow

Story by

Julie Andrews

Ranger Woodlore

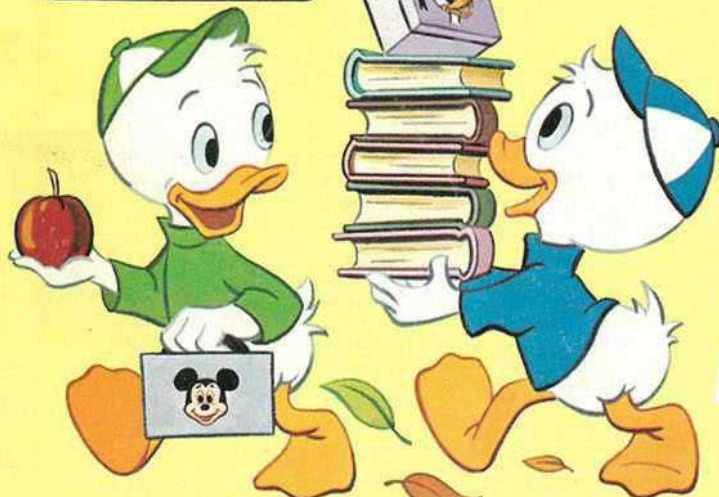
Goofy Sports

Tennis

101 Dalmatians

Isaac Newton

Comics





Hello Again! Well, here it is, fall already! The leaves are beginning to fall, the weather has turned crisp, and the wind is a little sharper. And you're going back to school!

We here at Disney Magazine have some special treats in store for you in this fall issue, from stories and articles to puzzles and games. Have fun!

The Editors

INKY THE CROW You'd think Inky would know when he was well off—with the Lees he had a home, plenty of food, and all the entertainment a crow could want. Inky, however, wasn't satisfied—he just *had* to return to Old Man Fletcher's orchard for one last visit!



JULIE ANDREWS As a young girl, Julie worried about being different. But after one memorable evening, she learned how special being different can be.

DISNEYLAND'S WONDERFUL ATTIC

Grandma's attic was never like this—shelves upon shelves of spiders, flowers, pistols, and so much more!



CRUELLA COPS THE CRANK The Dalmatian pups are again pitted against arch-villainess Cruella de Vil. This time she's out to sabotage their pet's antique car before the London to Hastings Race. And it looks like she might succeed!

SIR ISAAC NEWTON Isn't that Mickey hanging a pumpkin from that funny-looking contraption? Actually, it's Isaac Newton, and he's demonstrating the laws of gravity. But, like any sensible 17th-century man, Goofy is sure Isaac doesn't know which way is up.

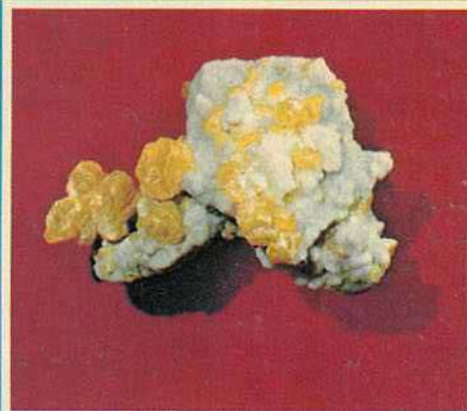


Disney MAGAZINE

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RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE HIKES You thought rocks did nothing but sit there, didn't you? So did Huey, Dewey and Louie Duck, until their first school field trip, when they discovered the fascinating world of rocks and minerals.

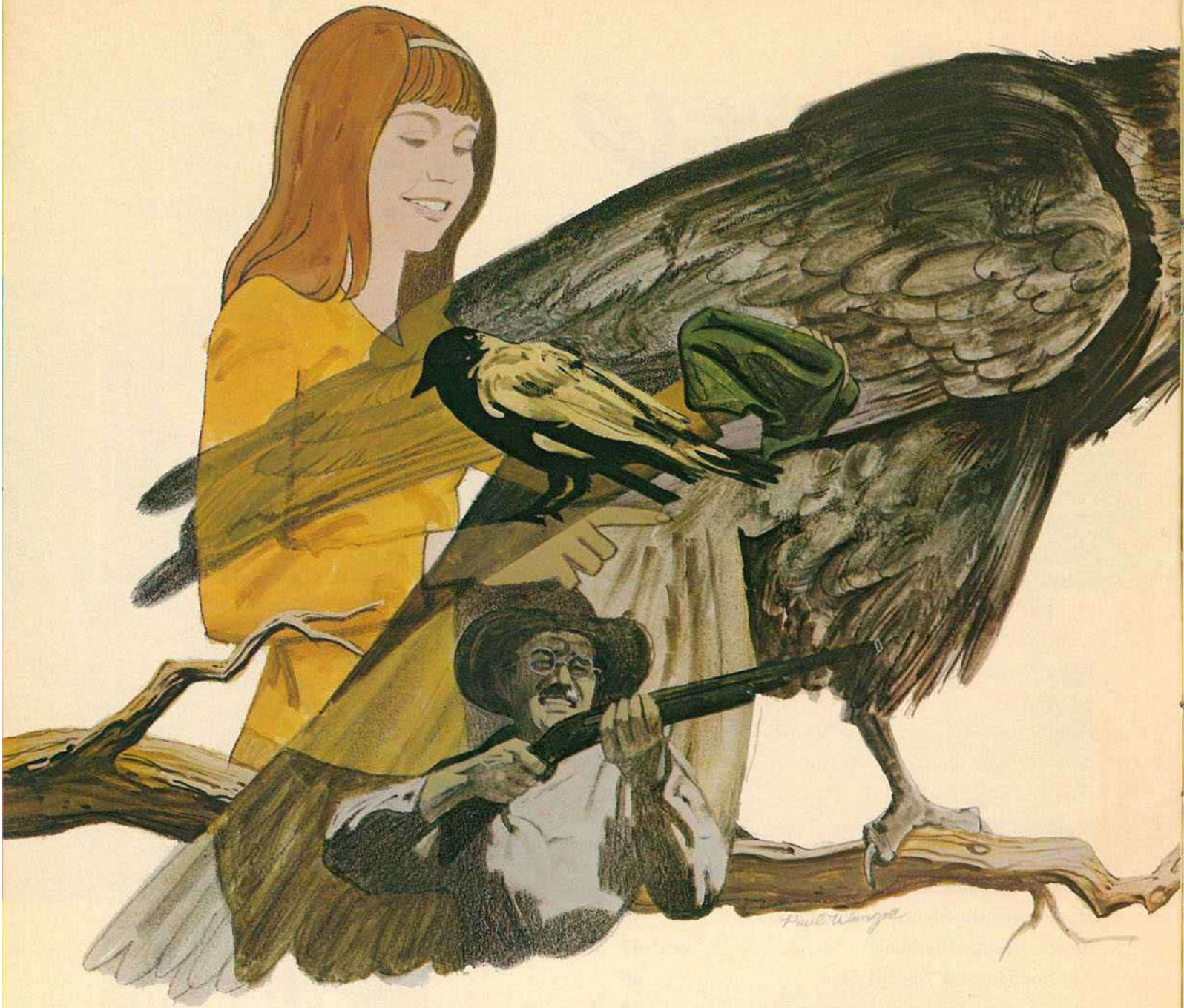


GOOFY SPORTS Tennis nowadays is even more popular than it used to be. Whether you're a beginner or an expert at the sport, you'll profit from these pointers from that colorful and well-known tennis personality, Goofy.

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INKY, THE CROW

*Carol Lee's friendship with a wild
crow lands her at the wrong end
of old man Fletcher's shotgun.*

Inky's gang was the victim of creeping suburbia. Subdivisions and shopping centers had swallowed up the open fields they loved so well. Their last refuge was Henry Fletcher's weed-choked orchard and scraggly cornfield, all that was left of a once-prosperous farm.

Inky, you see, was a snappy-eyed, sassy-looking crow, and so were the members of his gang. Fletcher had sold off his farm, piece by piece, to the subdividers, so he wasn't hurting for money. He didn't even bother to harvest the



One thing crows cannot resist is a shiny object like a ring, and Inky was no exception.



Inky just had to investigate the goodies on Mrs. Lee's bridge tables.



fruit in his orchard, but he kept up a running battle with the crows from force of habit. Inky and his gang were well-organized, however. One crow was posted as a lookout while the others were feasting on the bugs and insects that infested the old farmer's neglected fruit trees.

Crows are just naturally noisy, so there always was a lot of cawing going on while they ate. Sooner or later the racket would bring old man Fletcher a-running with his shotgun. The lookout crow could spot the gleaming gun barrel at least fifty yards away. At his raucous signal the flock would take off in a shudder of black wings. Fletcher always managed to let go with at least one blast of birdshot in the general direction of the crows, but he never hit anything.

"Doggone crows," he'd yell, shaking a fist, "I'll git you yet!" Then he'd stomp back into the house.

Sometimes, between forays into the Fletcher orchard, Inky would

perch in a tree near a white house built on land which once had been part of the farm. Inky enjoyed people-watching. The house was occupied by John Lee, his wife, and his daughter, Carol, whom Inky, in his birdlike way, had classified as a red-crested, long-haired teenager.

One bright summer morning Inky watched Carol come out of the house and head for the stables to go for a ride on her horse. Neither Inky nor Carol had any idea how closely their lives would be intertwined before this day was over.

Later on, Inky and his gang regrouped in the Fletcher orchard for lunch. It was Inky's turn to act as lookout and he soon spotted the farmer in the back of his pickup truck painting the bed of the truck a bright yellow. It wasn't long before Fletcher's ear caught sound of the noisy crows. He put down the paint can and brush on the edge of the truck and hustled for the house and his shotgun.

The bright yellow color attracted Inky, so he flew down to investigate. He was prancing around making a lot of fine crow's feet in the wet paint when one of the other crows swooped down, upset the can of paint on Inky and left him looking like an overgrown canary with a mighty streaky paintjob.

At this moment old man Fletcher came out of the house, shotgun at the ready, and the crows took off—all of them, that is, except Inky. He discovered that wearing a coat of sticky yellow paint was a distinct hindrance to spreading his wings, which also made flying impossible. He hopped off the truck and scuttled along on foot with the farmer close behind. Fletcher was so excited about getting even close to a crow that he never did get off a good shot. Inky escaped into the tall grass of a nearby field.

By the time he reached a rendezvous with the other crows, Inky was a beat bird. What he didn't

Carol had used a chain of food to bind Inky to her—tidbits from her hand when he'd come to her.



realize was that exhaustion was the least of his problems. Whether the other crows didn't recognize him in his yellow disguise or whether they were angry about his failure as a lookout are questions nobody can answer. In any event, they were giving him a massive going-over with their sharp beaks when Carol Lee came by, riding her horse. Hearing the commotion, she dismounted and ran towards the crows. Poor Inky was in a bad way until a loud "Shoo!" from Carol sent them flying off.

When she picked him up, Inky was in a state of shock. Holding him gently, she hurried home and

began the ticklish task of removing the paint from his feathers. After several hours of careful work with a paint solvent, Carol had Inky's feathers shining like satin again, and he had recovered some of his old cockiness.

Carol installed Inky in a box in the family den where she worked on her hobby of classifying plants and bugs. Carol's parents didn't share her excitement about having a crow in the house, but they went along with it, as parents usually do.

In the days that followed Carol and Inky became inseparable. Carol enticed the crow with bits of food and Inky realized that living



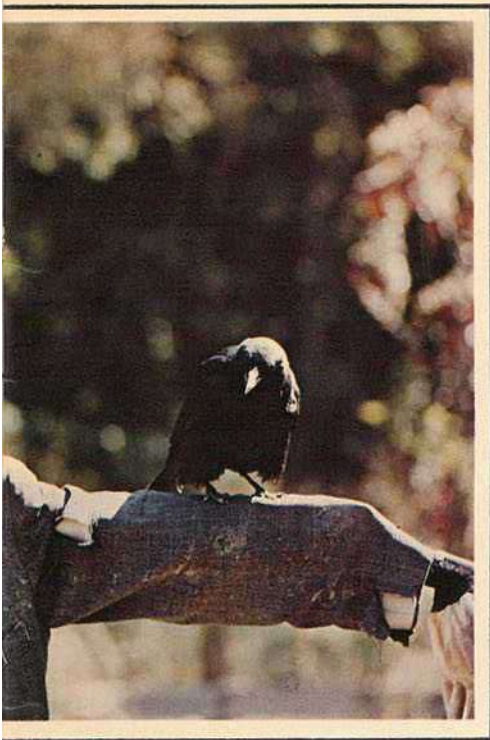
Old man Fletcher would tolerate no intruders in his orchard—either humans or birds.

with the Lees was a freeloader's paradise! When he was left alone he indulged in his crow's instinct of collecting things. In time he put together quite a cache of knickknacks on top of a bookcase in the living room. But one day he went too far.

Carol's mother had placed a ruby ring, which was a family heirloom, on a shelf above the kitchen sink. When she returned later the ring was gone. Frantic searching failed to turn it up. Mrs. Lee even had a plumber remove the trap beneath the sink, but all he found in it was a penny. What Mrs. Lee found was that she had a plumbing bill on her hands. While still searching for the ring, Carol spotted Inky perched on the bookcase.

"What are you doing up there, Inky?" she asked.

"Caw!" was the crow's reply.



Since his scarecrow wasn't working to keep Inky and his pals away from his fields, Fletcher had turned to a last resort—his shotgun.

Carol decided to investigate and climbed up on a chair. Of course, she found the ring among Inky's collection of buttons, pins and bits of paper. Carol didn't try to shield Inky in telling her mother about what had happened to the ring. Mrs. Lee was relieved to recover the ring, but annoyed by the trouble the crow had caused. Carol promised to keep a closer eye on Inky, and the incident was forgotten. However, his *next* mischievous exploit wasn't!

Mrs. Lee had set up the living room for a bridge party, complete with refreshments, including a bowl of punch. While she was upstairs dressing, Inky was nosing around the house in his inquisitive way. Always hungry, he decided to sample the finger sandwiches. He scattered a few on the floor, knocked over some glasses, and then decided the punch bowl was a perfect bird bath. When Mrs. Lee came in, the room was a mess and Inky was right in the middle of it.

That was the end of Inky as far as the senior Lees were concerned, but the crow had other ideas. He wasn't about to give up all that

good food without a protest, and hung around outside cawing his head off.

Carol thought maybe she could reunite him with the flock. She got her horse and rode off with Inky perched on her shoulder. As she cantered along Inky would fly in big circles, then come back to his perch on her shoulder. He followed that pattern until they were outside old man Fletcher's orchard, with its posted "Keep Out" sign. The thought of all those juicy bugs in the Fletcher fruit trees was too much for an always-hungry crow. Inky darted off like a jet.

Carol's eyes widened with fear as she thought of the farmer and his shotgun, so she ignored the sign, hopped the fence and went into the orchard after Inky. Carol didn't know that a group of neighborhood teenagers were also in the orchard, doing what youngsters have been doing for generations—picking forbidden fruit. Concentrating on trying to find Inky, she was well into the orchard when she heard Fletcher's angry voice.

"Okay, you, get over here with the rest of 'em!" the farmer shouted.

Carol found herself part of a very scared group of boys and girls, facing the business end of old man Fletcher's shotgun.

"Kind of surprised you kids, didn't I?" said Fletcher. "Now, get on over to the house. I'm gonna call your parents and then the sheriff. Move!"

Maybe because Carol was new

in the neighborhood she wasn't as scared of Fletcher as the others were. She decided that somebody had to say something.

"Mr. Fletcher, you're not being fair!"

He fixed his gaze on the young girl. "That's a mighty strong statement, young lady. I got a right to protect my trees!"

"That's just it," Carol insisted. "You're *not* protecting them. If you don't use some insecticide or let the crows eat all those bugs, your trees will be ruined for good."

The farmer set his jaw in a hard line. "You're just tryin' to talk me out of seein' that you kids get punished for invadin' private property."

"Honestly I'm not, sir. Since the fruit just rots on the trees anyway, why don't you let us pick it for you? What you don't want we'll take over to Kelly Hospital."

"We'd love to do it—honest!" chorused the other kids.

The old man put down his gun. "Well, all right. I guess you talked me into it. Now clear out of here before I change my mind!"

Inky watched the whole thing perched high in a tree close by, eating a fat bug. He let out a loud "Caw!" to let Carol know he was proud of her, and then flew off to rejoin his pals.

During the rest of the summer Henry Fletcher's life changed. He was no longer a lonely, grouchy old man, because Carol and her friends visited him often—and so did Inky and his flock of raucous, rambunctious, rowdy crows.



RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE HIKEs

Huey, Dewey and Louie Duck returned to school with the usual complaining about the end of summer vacation until they found that something new had been added to their curriculum: a weekly field trip to J. Audubon Woodlore's Little Ranger Nature Camp. And today was their first visit!

"Now, boys and girls," announced the little Ranger, "we'll start our series of lessons with the world's building blocks: rocks and minerals."

A groan went up from the assembled students. "We thought it was going to be something interesting," protested Huey.

"And it will be," assured the Ranger. "I'm sure most of you are under the impression that rocks do nothing but sit there."

"Well, don't they?" piped up Louie.

"Hardly, Louie," chuckled Ranger Woodlore, "although it may seem so to us humans. The fact is that the mineral kingdom is one of constant change. It's just that changes in rocks and minerals occur very slowly in terms of human time—but they do occur, nonetheless."

"But we can't see the changes," complained Dewey.

"Of course you can," corrected the little Ranger. "You have an excellent example of a changing mineral in your own kitchen: salt. You can dissolve salt in water—return it to its liquid state. Then if you put the salt water in a shallow dish in the sun, you can observe it returning to its solid state—crystals. If you examine salt crystals under a microscope or magnifying glass," he added, "you'll see that each tiny crystal is a perfect cube."



More mineral species crystallize in dendrites, or tree-like forms, than any other way.

Ranger Woodlore's students looked at one another, wide-eyed. This was beginning to get interesting.

"Another example of a mineral that can change rather quickly," continued the Ranger, "is one you can hear—sulfur. Its crystalline structure begins to break down under heat—even the slight amount of heat in a person's hand. If you hold a lump of sulfur up to your ear, you will be able to hear it crackling as its atoms fall out of their crystal alignment."

"What else causes rocks to change, Ranger Woodlore?" questioned Huey.

"Many things," answered the Ranger. "Our earth's crust is con-



Quartz is the most common mineral found in geodes, either in the form of crystals or in bands of fine-grained agate.



Analcite is a member of the largest and commonest group of minerals, the silicates.



(above) Salt is a most useful mineral, and salt deposits are found all over the world.

(below) This specimen is quartz and pyrite, which has so often been mistaken for gold that it's called "fool's gold."



tinually changing—being raised, lowered, heated, cooled, flooded, dried, ground up, compressed. From the moment a mineral is formed, it is subject to chemical change the moment there is a change in its surroundings—if water begins to seep into cracks, for instance."

"But doesn't the water just flow



Sulfur's melting point, 108° C., is just slightly above the boiling point of water. Because this mineral is so sensitive to heat, it should be handled with care.



The green malachite in this rock is replacing blue azurite. Both minerals are ores of copper, and their colors on surface rocks are valuable guides for prospectors.

by?" queried Louie. "Rocks are awfully hard."

"Not at all," answered the Ranger. "Water seeping into crevices in rocks dissolves them, little by little, and often leaves other substances in place of the original minerals. Often the secondary minerals seep in in the form of trees, branches, or roots, called dendrites. It takes a specialist to tell the difference between many dendrites and plant fossils.

"And speaking of rock formations," said the Ranger, holding up something that looked like a

tennis ball sliced in half, "here is one called a geode."

"A what?" asked Dewey as the Ranger handed him the object to pass around to the class.

"A geode—'gee-ode,'" he repeated. "It was formed by a steam bubble trapped in molten rock. As water seeped through the cavity, it deposited the minerals that line the geode—bands of fine-grained quartz, called agate, and crystals of a purple variety of quartz called amethyst."

"It looks just like a miniature landscape," commented Huey.

"Or a stage set of the moon," put in Dewey.

"So you see, boys and girls," said Ranger Woodlore, glancing at his watch, "the mineral kingdom is every bit as exciting as the animal one, if you know something about it. There are rocks that burn—sulfur is a good example; rocks that float—pumice, formed when molten rock became frothy with air bubbles; rocks that glow in the dark; and rocks that look like plants or animals."

"Gosh, Ranger Woodlore," said Louie as the students boarded the bus to return to school, "there's a lot more to rocks than we thought."

"That's right, Louie. And we've still left a lot of stones unturned," chuckled the little Ranger.

Cruella Cops the Crank

"Well, pups, tomorrow the big day will be here at last," exclaimed Pongo, the Dalmatian.

"What day is that, Pop?" asked Lucky Puppy.

"Why, it's the day of the London to Hastings Race."

"What's that, Pop?" inquired Penny Puppy.

"It's a very special race for antique cars," replied Pongo. "The humans who own these ancient automobiles look after them carefully, keeping them in top running condition, and tomorrow is their chance to prove how good a job they've done. Actually," Pongo added, "in view of the age of the cars competing, it's almost as much an honor to finish the race as it is to win."

"Does our pet Roger have an antique car, too?" asked Lucky.

"Yes. Come and I'll show you." Pongo led the pups to the garage where, sitting in splendid isolation, was Roger Radcliff's bright red 1903 Model A Ford.

"Ooooh! It's beautiful," exclaimed Freckles. The other puppies oohed and aahed in agreement.

"Roger has spent weeks getting the car ready. Don't touch anything, now. In fact, let's go back to the house."

"Can't we stay out here for a while, please? We'll be very careful."

"Well...all right. But you'd certainly better be good. I don't want to see one paw print on that gleaming paintwork."

After Pongo left them, the pups spent several minutes carefully inspecting the car, sniffing all around it. Standing on his hind

legs, Pepper looked at his reflection in the long red fenders.

The old car looked new. The leather upholstery had been polished to a soft sheen and the brass headlamps glowed like twin beacons. There wasn't a single scratch on the body, not one drop of oil on the painted spokes.

"I've got an idea," piped up Lucky. "Let's take turns guarding the car until tomorrow. We'll make sure nothing happens to it."

"Yes! what fun!" "Good idea!" chorused his brothers and sisters.

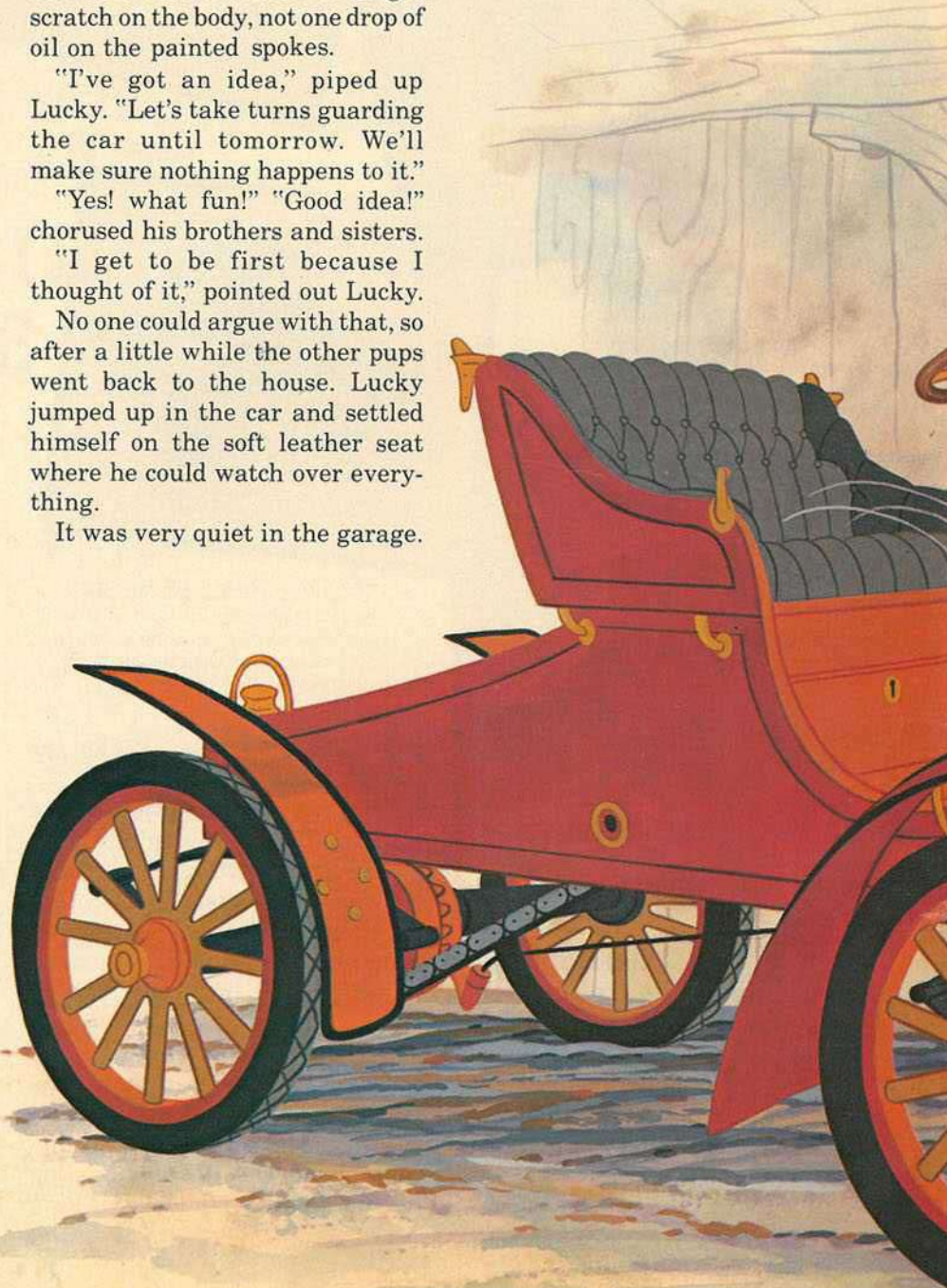
"I get to be first because I thought of it," pointed out Lucky.

No one could argue with that, so after a little while the other pups went back to the house. Lucky jumped up in the car and settled himself on the soft leather seat where he could watch over everything.

It was very quiet in the garage.

Lucky rested his chin on one of his forepaws. Late afternoon was usually his nap time. He sighed and closed one eye. Gradually, without his being able to help it, the other eye closed and he nodded off to sleep.

Minutes later, his eyes snapped open, and he saw their archenemy, Cruella de Vil! He shuddered at the memory of how she had kidnapped the puppies, intending to make them into a fur coat. And now Cruella was creeping out of the garage carrying the old car's



starting handle! "Roger will never be able to find another one in time for the race tomorrow," she cackled. "And it'll be *I* who wins the London to Hastings Race!"

Lucky scrambled after Cruella, yipping and yapping, but she was too fast for him, and before he could catch her, she'd sped away in her car.

All the barking brought the other pups on the run and Lucky told them the awful news.

"I fell asleep on guard duty and Cruella de Vil has stolen the

Ford's starting handle."

"Oh, no!"

"What'll we do?"

"We can't tell our parents!"

"I'm so ashamed," cried Lucky.

"I think we'd better call out the Twilight Bark," said Patch Puppy. "It's the only thing that can help us now."

And so the puppies woofed and barked and their message was passed along via the dogs of London until it reached an elderly sheepdog, known as the Colonel, and his faithful friend, a bright

and energetic cat named Sergeant Tibs.

They had come in from the country for the day to pay a visit to 221B Baker Street, home of the famous detective, Sherlock Holmes. When the message came through, they were in the middle of making plans to spend the night in London.

"What is it they've lost, a darting candle?" asked the Colonel.

"No, Sir," Sergeant Tibs said carefully. "I believe it's a starting handle. For their pet's car in the London to Hastings Race tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Then we've no time to lose. We must get on this case right away. Clues, we need clues."

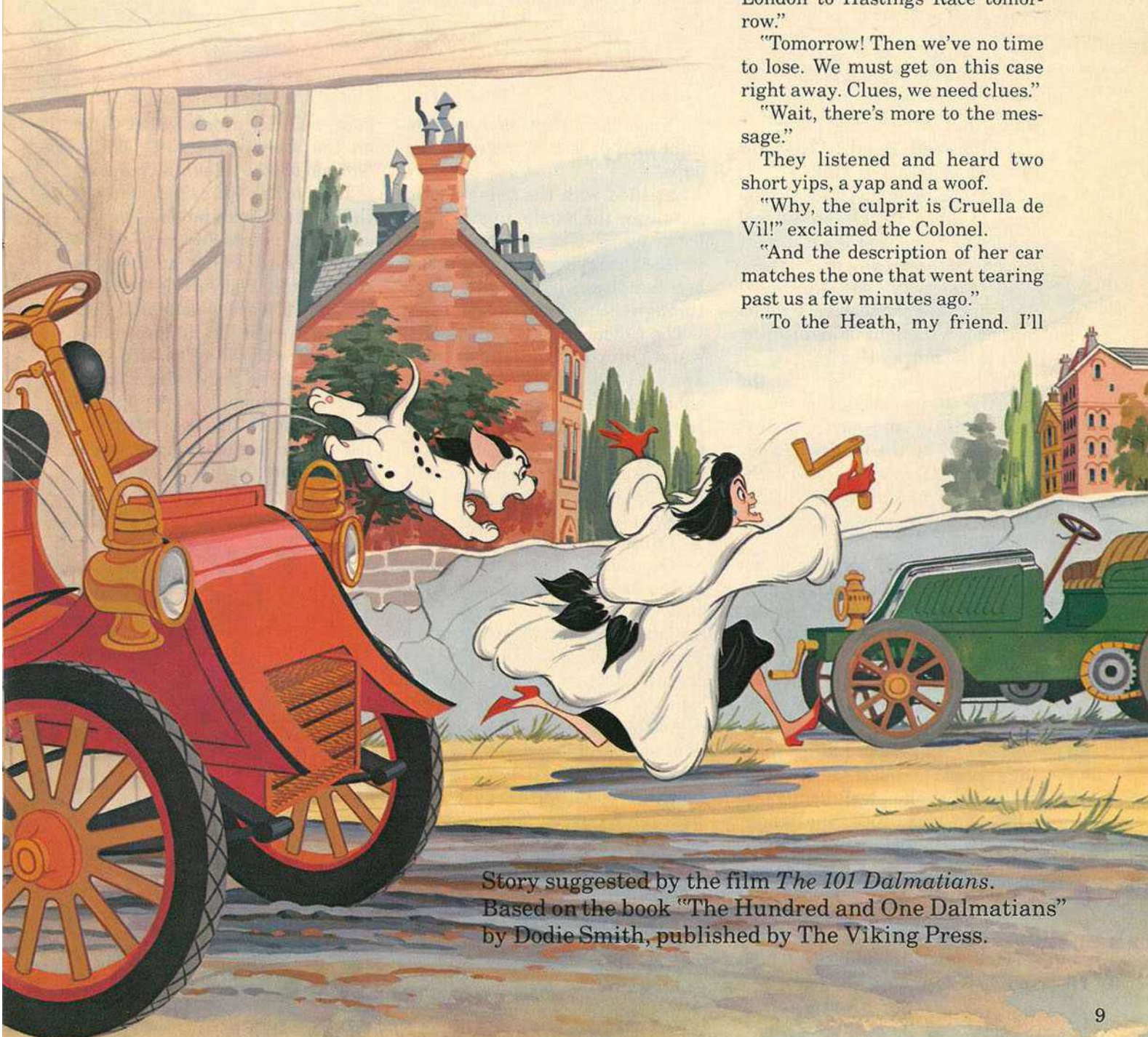
"Wait, there's more to the message."

They listened and heard two short yips, a yap and a woof.

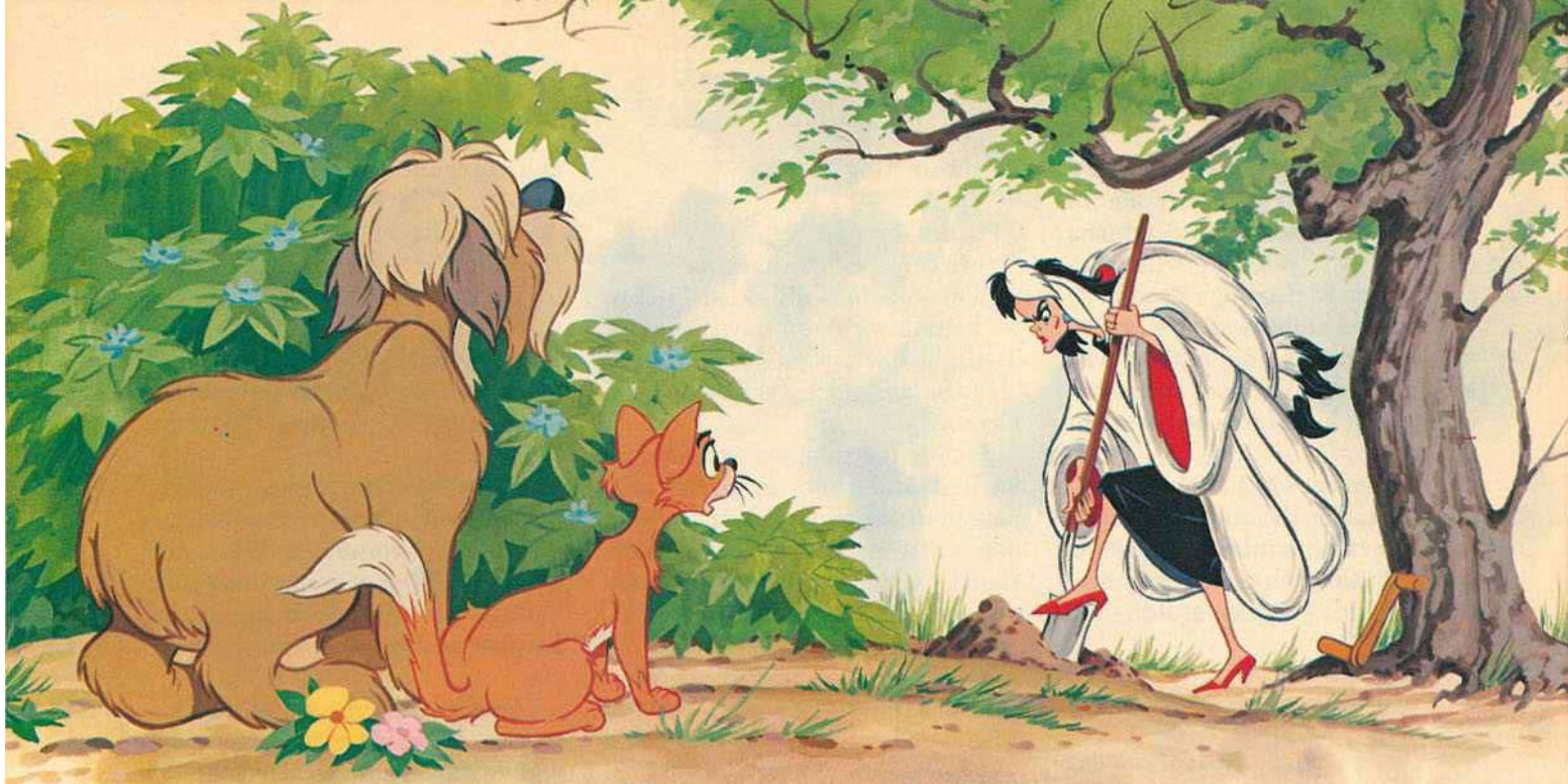
"Why, the culprit is Cruella de Vil!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"And the description of her car matches the one that went tearing past us a few minutes ago."

"To the Heath, my friend. I'll



Story suggested by the film *The 101 Dalmatians*.
Based on the book "The Hundred and One Dalmatians"
by Dodie Smith, published by The Viking Press.



wager that's where she's gone."

"Hampstead Heath! Whatever for?" asked Sergeant Tibs.

"Because, dear boy, it's a gloomy place at night. Cruella would feel at home there. And it's a perfect place to hide the evidence."

"If you say so, Colonel." Sergeant Tibs sounded very reluctant at the thought of an evening visit to the murky Heath.

Trotting along at a fast clip, the two friends reached the Heath quite quickly and saw Cruella's car parked by the roadside. They soon spotted fresh footprints in the ground, and took off in pursuit, the Colonel snuffling the ground thoroughly.

"By Jove, we'll soon have her now," the Colonel said vigorously.

"Wait! What's that up ahead?" cried Sergeant Tibs.

Something was hitting the ground in soft thuds. Sergeant Tibs and the Colonel silently padded near the spot to some thick bushes. From their hiding place they peered through the branches and saw Cruella gleefully digging a hole in which to bury the handle.

She was alternately muttering and chuckling to herself as she worked. "Ha! This will fix Roger Radcliff. His car is my only real competition in the race tomorrow, and without this handle, he'll miss

the race completely. Serves him right for not letting me have the pups."

Satisfied with the hole's depth, she threw the handle in and hastily covered it up, stomping the ground flat. With a final glance at her handiwork, she crept away through the night.

The Colonel and Sergeant Tibs waited until Cruella was well away from them, then stealthily approached the spot. They each began immediately to dig, the Colonel throwing up great clods of soil. Sergeant Tibs made a small neat hole and quickly found the object of their search.

"I think we've got it, Sir."

"Good show," huffed the Colonel as he heaved the handle out of the hole.

"Let's send out the word and see who we can find to help us get the handle back to the Dalmatian pups."

At the edge of the Heath they sent out a call for carriers. Soon a Boxer from Belsize Park appeared, who said he'd take it to the next relay station. There he met a Schnauzer from Swiss Cottage, and he delivered it to a St. Bernard from St. John's Wood, who then carried it back to the very relieved pups.

As soon as they got back to the

garage Lucky promptly sat down on the starting handle. "There! Now no one can steal the handle!"

The other pups positioned themselves around the car at strategic points—Penny at the driver's side, Patch at the passenger side, Pepper and Freckles in front of each headlamp, until the old car was totally surrounded by black and white spotted puppies. Tired as they were from so much excitement, the pups all stayed awake through what was left of the night. Happily, there was no more trouble.

At dawn the next day, Pongo



and Perdy appeared to see the small sentries doggedly guarding the antique car. They, of course, were completely unaware of their pups' adventures of the previous evening.

"Oh, look at them," cried Perdy. "Aren't they wonderful, protecting our pet's car that way?"

"The best puppies in England," agreed Pongo.

At this point Roger and his wife Anita came into the garage.

"Where's that starting handle?" he muttered.

Lucky quickly jumped up and revealed the handle.

"Keeping it warm, are you Lucky? There's a good dog. Perhaps you'll bring us luck."

He gave the engine a swift crank and it roared to life. Anita got in the car and Roger swung himself up in the driver's seat. And off they chugged to Hyde Park for the start of the 60-mile run to the seashore.

Led by the pups, Pongo and Perdy gave them a loud barking send off, running along behind the car for a way. They then returned home and settled down in front of the TV set to watch the antique car run.

"I suppose Cruella will be in the

race, too," ventured Anita.

"Why, yes, dear," answered Roger. "You know how proud she is of that 1902 Mors of hers."

"Then I guess we must be polite to her when we see her," sighed Anita, and Roger agreed as they pulled into the starting line. Cruella had arrived earlier, and was positioned about six cars away from Roger and Anita. She was about to turn the crank to start her engine, when she looked up and saw Roger and Anita pull into line.

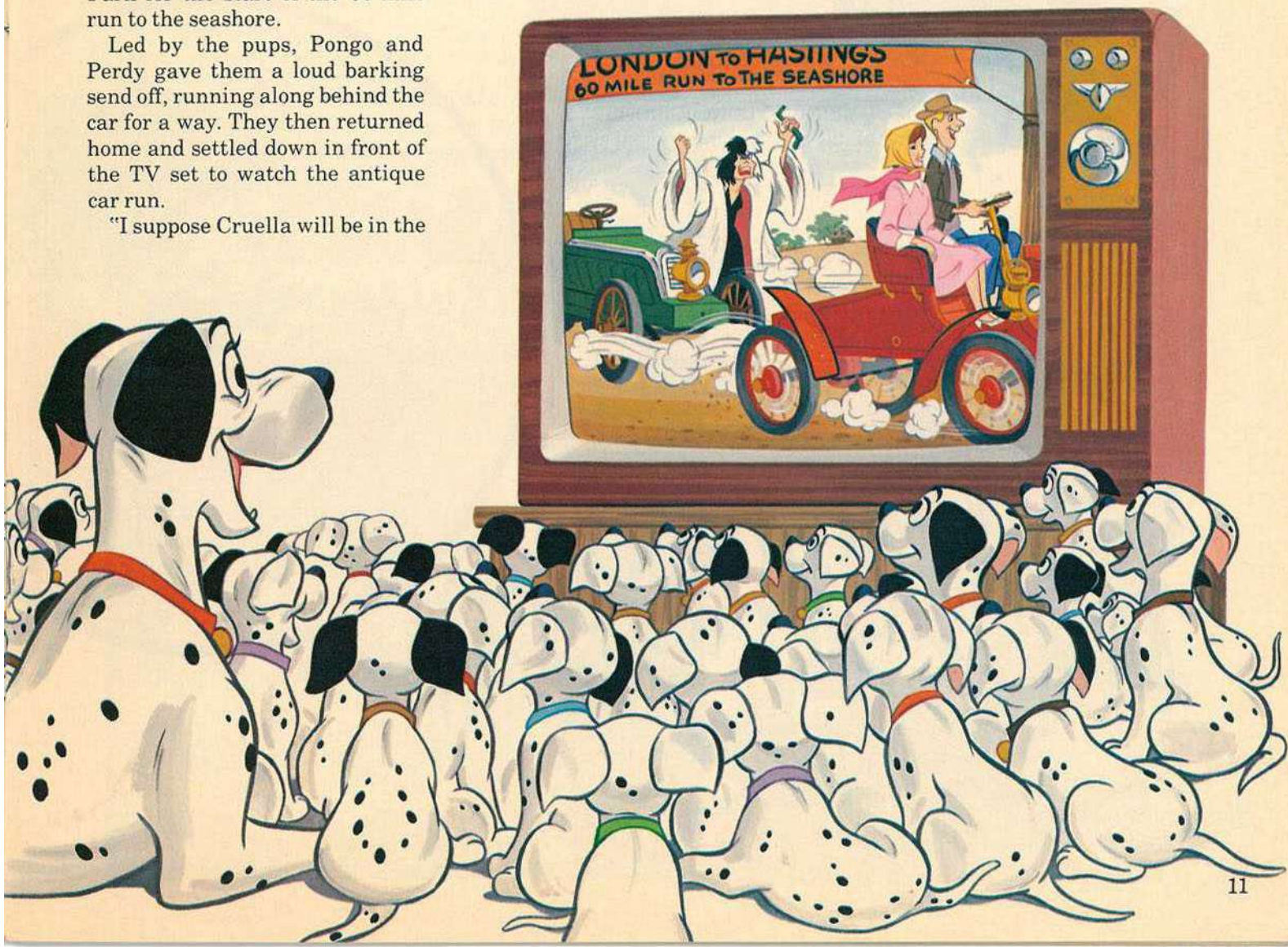
"Curses! How did he get that car started?" she squealed. And giving the Mors' starting handle a particularly vicious twist, she wrenched it right off. The Mors just sat there in dignified silence. Cruella looked down in horror at the handle in her hand, just as she heard the starter's traditional

"Ladies, Gentlemen, start your engines!"

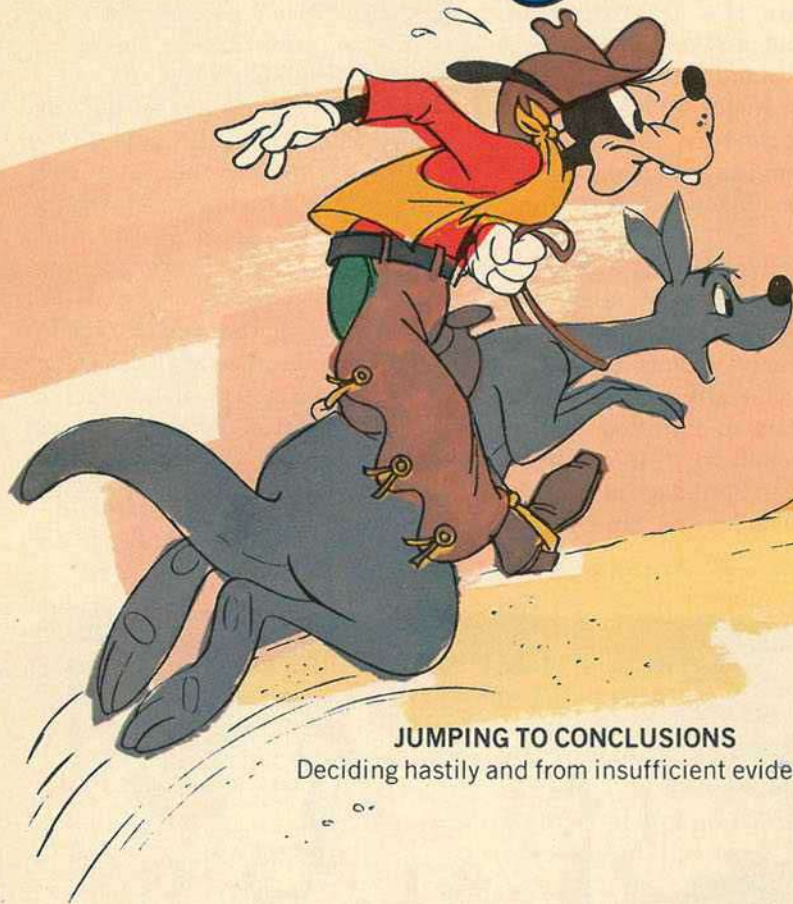
As the flag fell for the start of the antique car race, every car in the starting line but the Mors moved off sedately on the road to Hastings. Cruella collapsed in a hysterical heap beside her car, the broken starting handle dangling uselessly from her hand.

Meanwhile, back at the Radcliff home, Pongo, Perdita and their puppies watched the televised start of the London to Hastings Race. "Look!" cried Penny and Pepper together. "There are our pets!"

Sure enough, there on television were Roger and Anita, motoring along the outskirts of London in the old Model A Ford. The pups forgot all about Cruella de Vil—they were cheering as loud as they could woof.



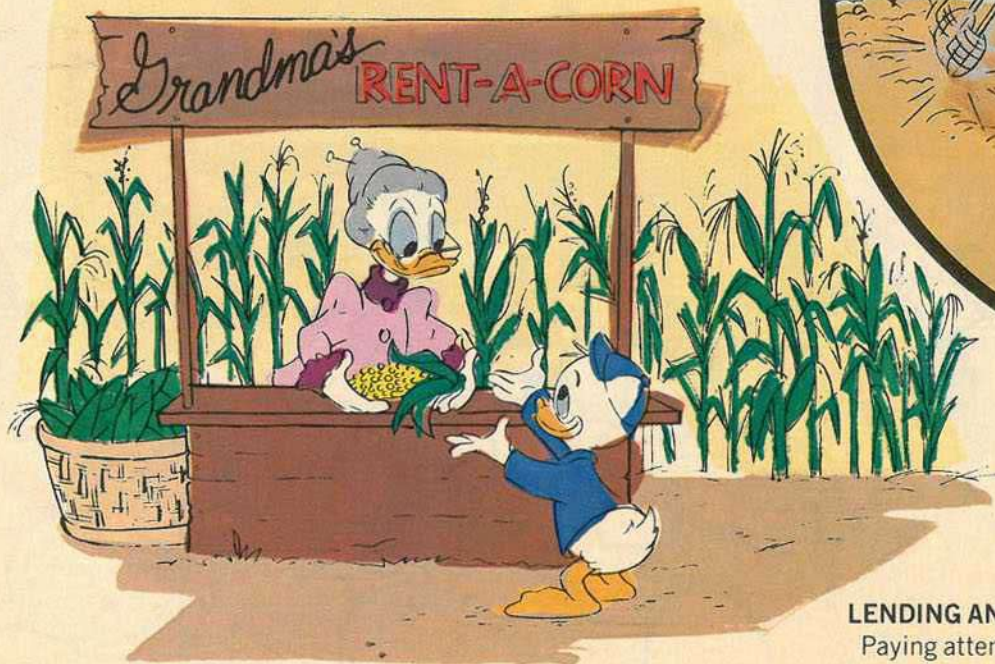
Simply Said



JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS
Deciding hastily and from insufficient evidence



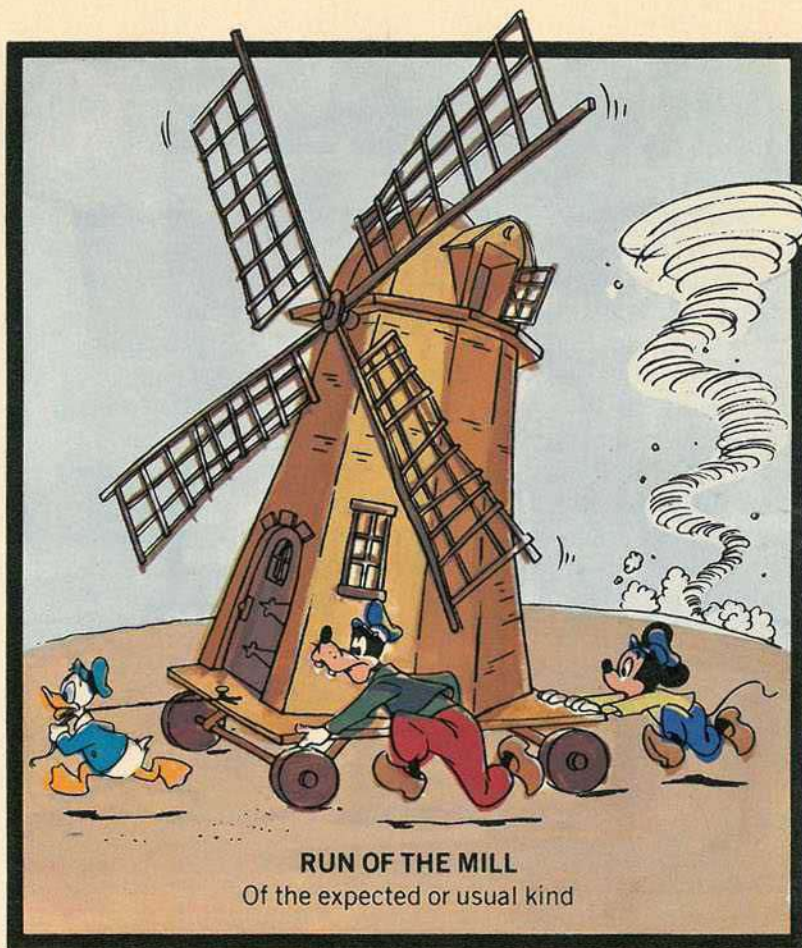
BEATING AROUND THE BUSH
Approaching a matter in a roundabout way



LENDING AN EAR
Paying attention

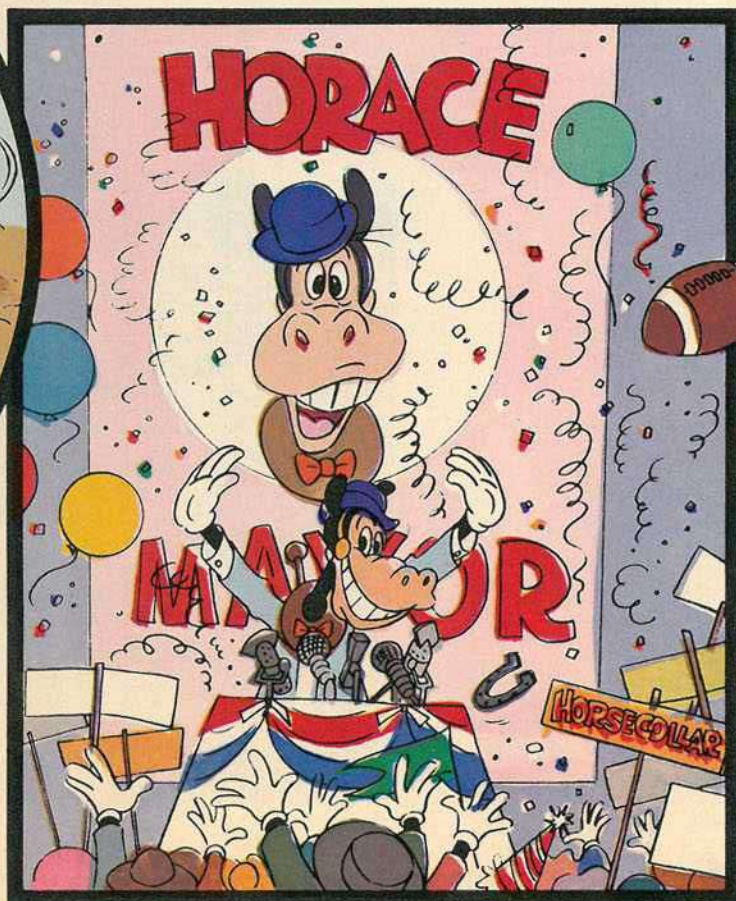


TIME IS MONEY
Don't waste time

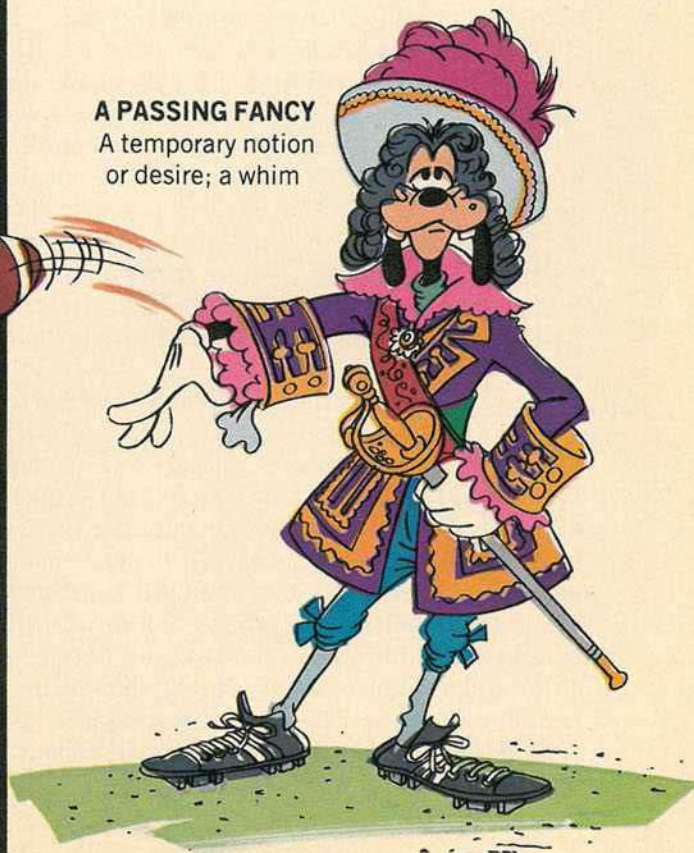


RUN OF THE MILL
Of the expected or usual kind

A DARK HORSE CANDIDATE
One whose abilities or policies are unknown



A PASSING FANCY
A temporary notion
or desire; a whim



★ julie ★ andrews ★

One of the nicest things about growing up is that I no longer worry about being different from most of my chums and friends. In fact, I learned at a very early age that it is the *difference* that makes us individuals and really makes life so interesting.

I was born in a small town in England, 20 miles outside of London, during the days of the Second World War. My parents were divorced when I was very young, and my mother had remarried. Already I was different from most of my girl friends who had only one dad. I had two!

My mother and stepfather were entertainers and the nature of their work kept them traveling a great deal of the time, so I was often looked after by our sweet and devoted housekeeper. Another difference from most of my friends! And at holiday time, my girl friends usually went to the same places each year with their families, while I went to a different town, depending on where my parents were working. If anyone minded the difference, it was probably my friends, who often told me they'd like to trade places, except when it came to those hours after school when I had to practice my singing.

Nobody else I knew had to take singing lessons, which also set me a bit apart from the crowd. Actually, my parents started me on lessons to keep me occupied during that frightening wartime period, and because they had discovered I had a good vocal range for a girl my age. They thought it might help me later on, and it certainly did.

But there was one special day when I really learned the value of being different from everyone else I knew. I was told I must take a nap in the afternoon because I was going to be allowed to sing with my mother and stepfather in the evening. I never minded taking a nap if the reward was staying up later than usual. That night we drove to London and my mother explained to me that we were going to a place called the Stage Door Canteen, where she and my stepfather often went to sing for the soldiers, sailors and airmen who had been fighting in the war. This time, she said, I could sing with them.

You can't imagine the thrill when I learned there were two special visitors in the audience that night—the Queen of England (now the Queen Mother) and Princess Margaret! Well, I must have been too excited to get stage fright because everything went smoothly. I got out all my notes without any mistakes! Afterwards, I was told the Queen wanted to meet me and my knees almost buckled. All I could think about was whether I should curtsy before *and* after meeting the Queen, but she immediately put me at ease. "You sang beautifully, Julie, and we enjoyed it very much," she said. I was in heaven.

And, ever since, I've never regretted having to take those singing lessons, and I've never worried about being a little different from everyone else.

Julie Andrews

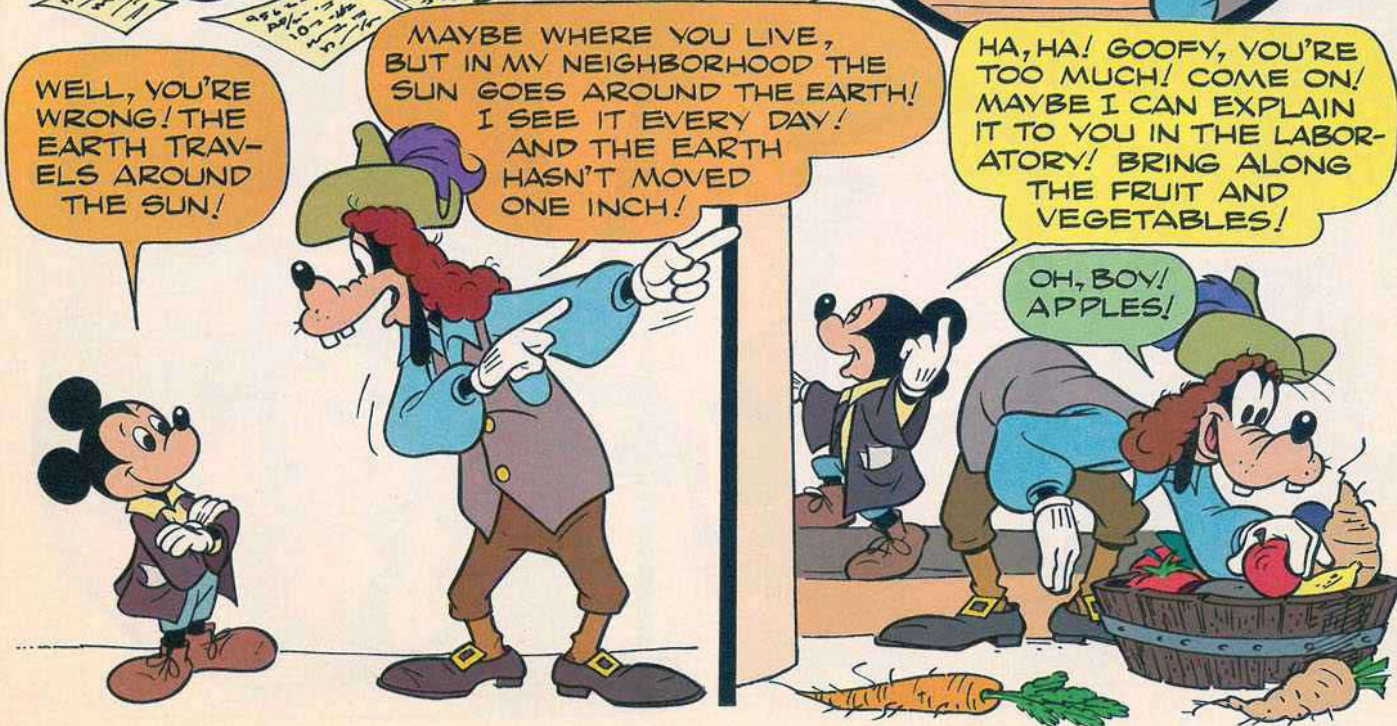
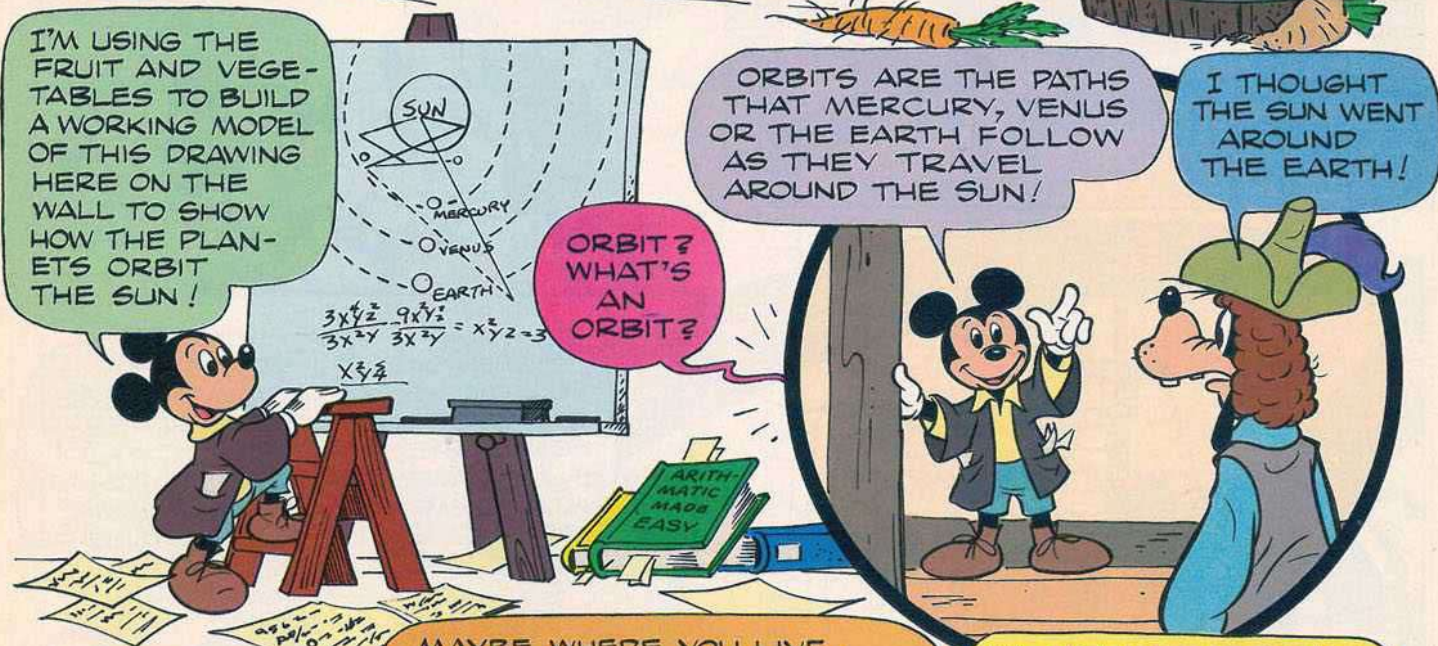
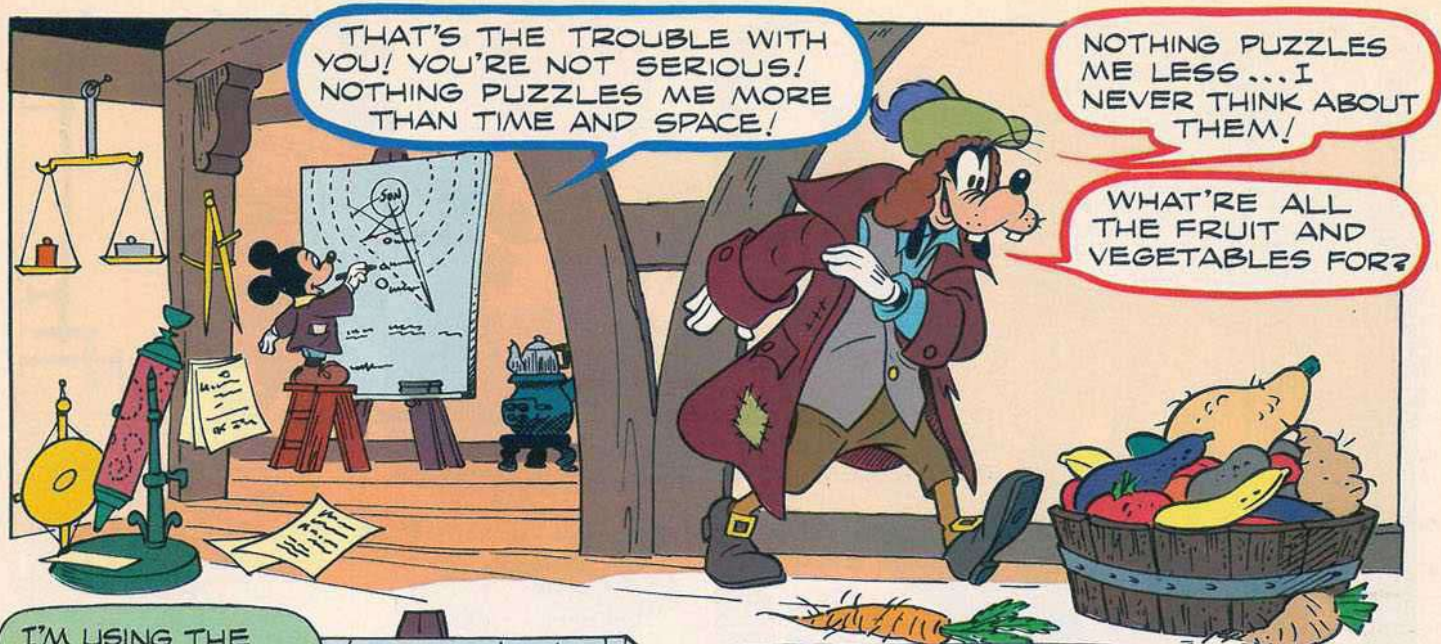


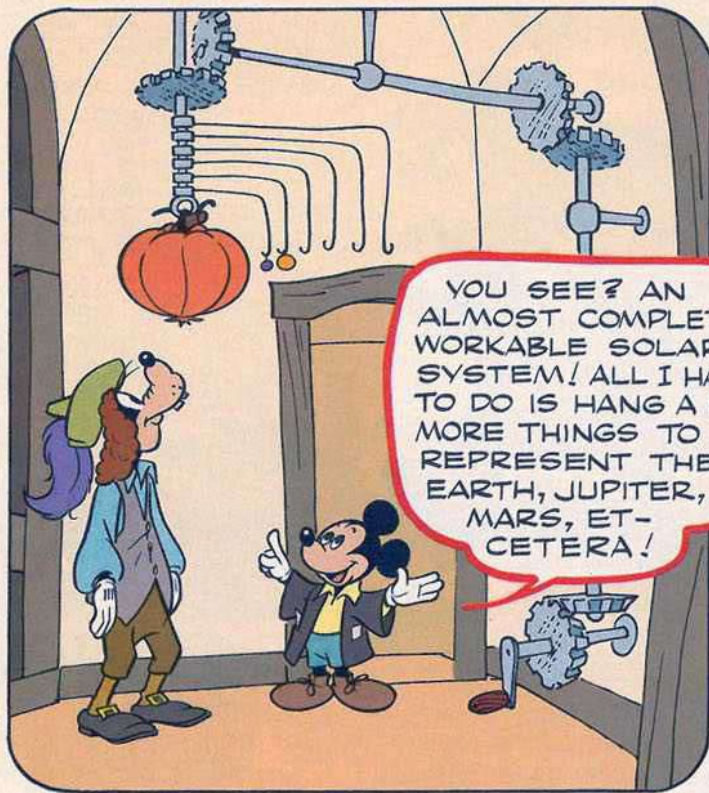


On a very special evening, Julie found out that “different” can mean “special.”

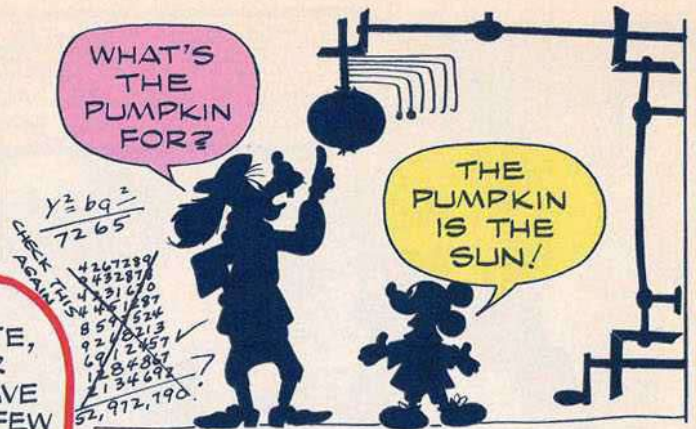
Isaac Newton







YOU SEE? AN ALMOST COMPLETE, WORKABLE SOLAR SYSTEM! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HANG A FEW MORE THINGS TO REPRESENT THE EARTH, JUPITER, MARS, ET-CETERA!



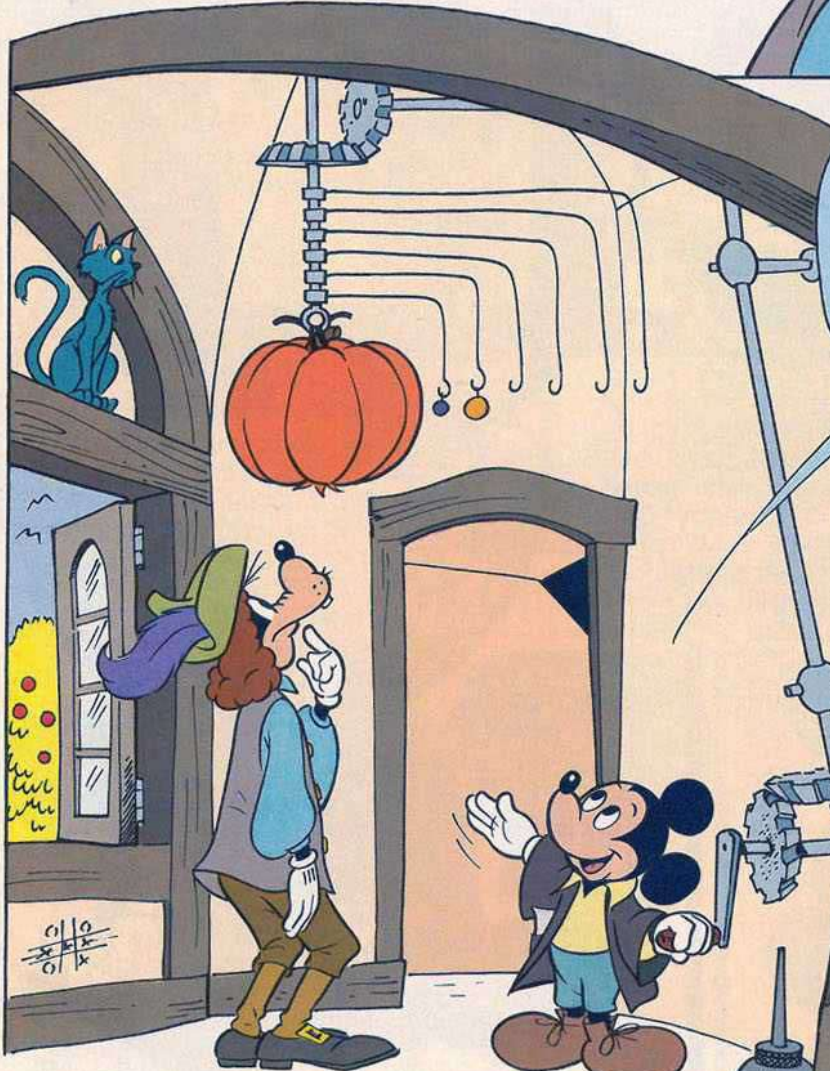
WHAT'S THE PUMPKIN FOR?

THE PUMPKIN IS THE SUN!

$y^2 = bq^2$
 $\frac{y^2}{7265}$
 CHECK THIS AGAIN!
 4267289
 432878
 431670
 441687
 8541524
 8540213
 9240257
 9240257
 184867
 184867
 134692
 52,912,190

WHY DID YOU USE A PUMPKIN?

BECAUSE I COULDN'T HANG THE SUN UP THERE!

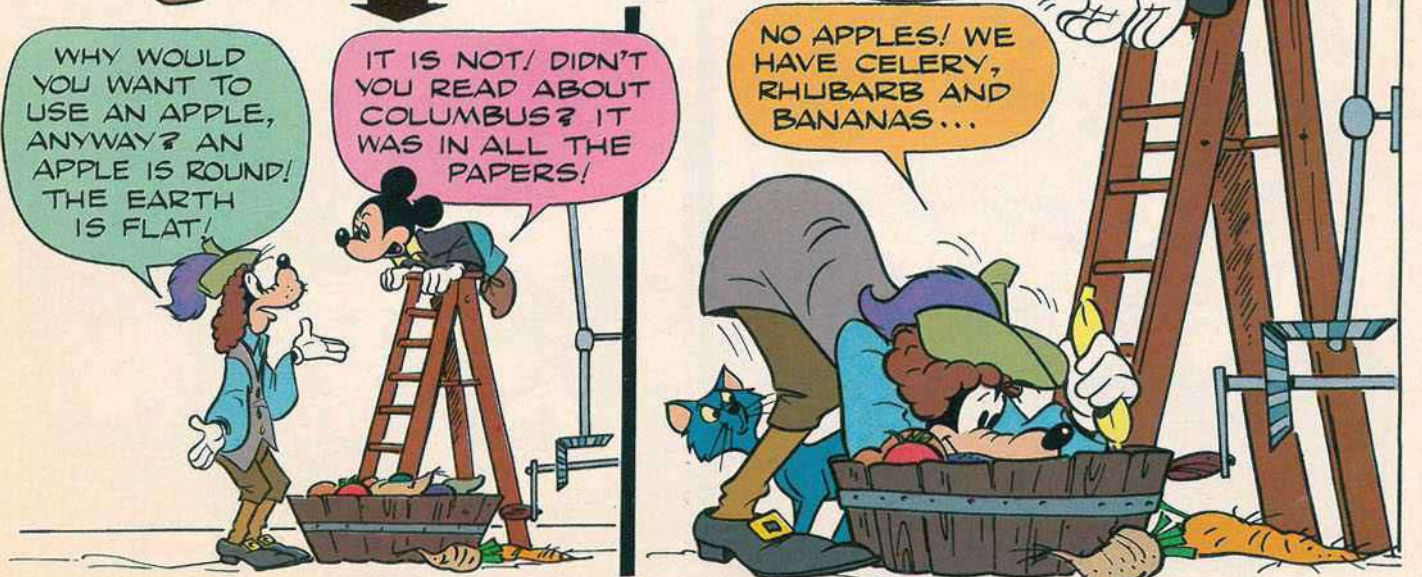
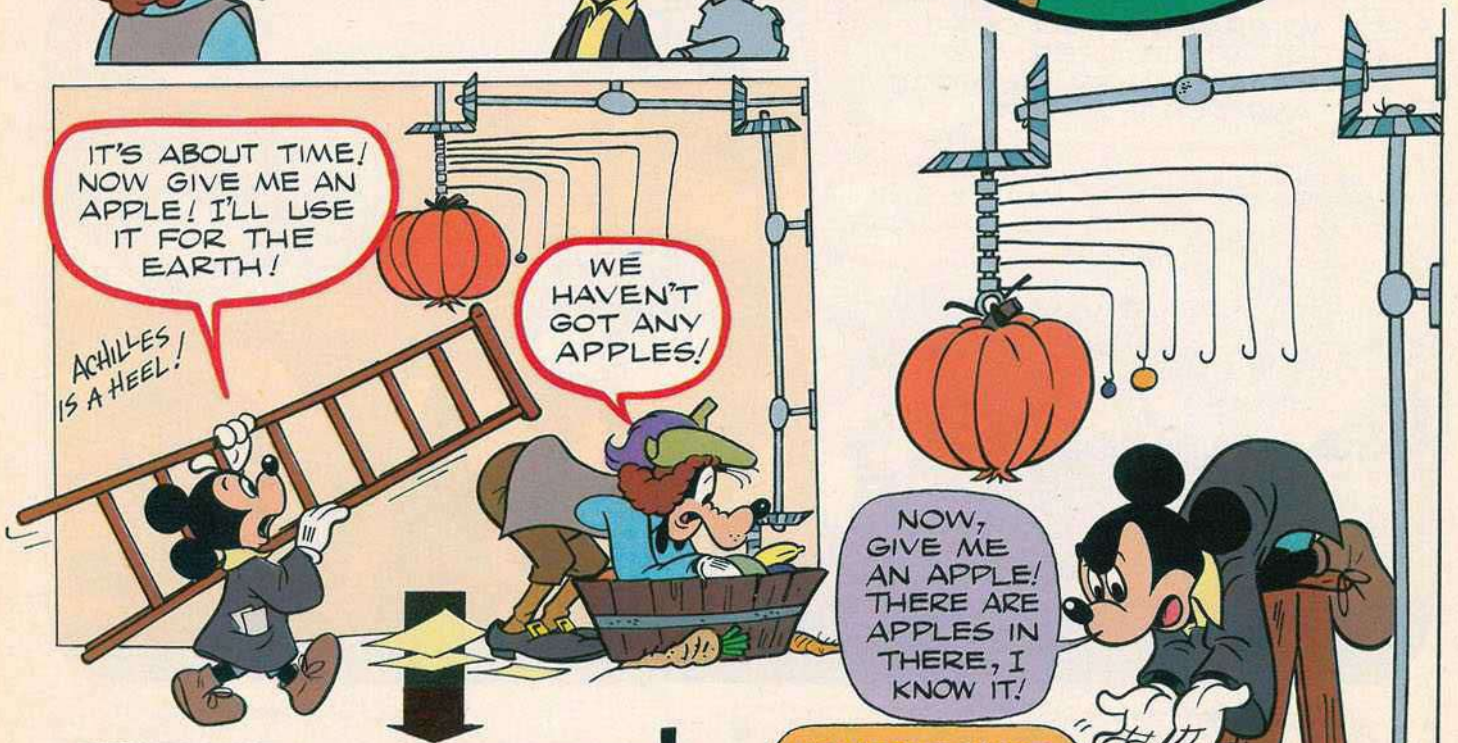
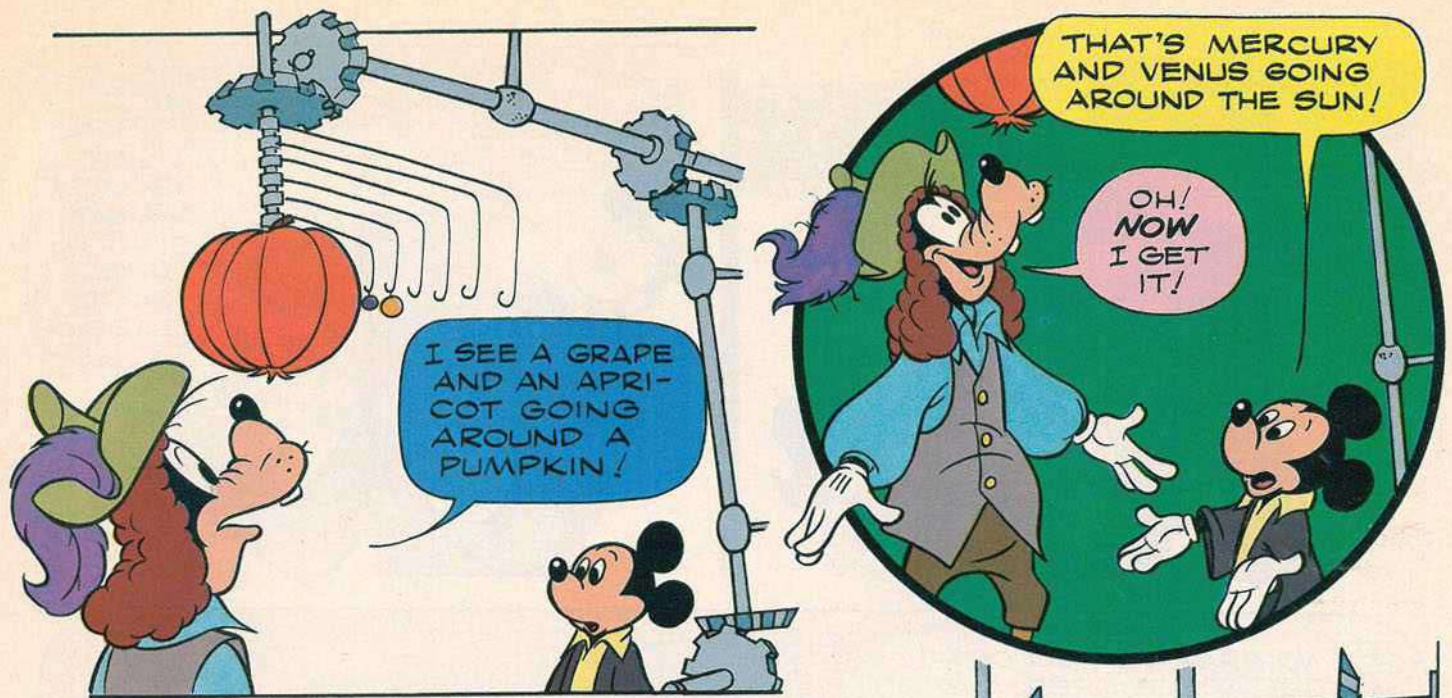


LISTEN, AND I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN! I USED THE PUMPKIN BECAUSE OF ITS SIZE! IT REPRESENTS THE SUN! NEXT TO THE SUN COMES MERCURY, WHICH IS MUCH SMALLER, SO I USED A GRAPE! NEXT COMES VENUS SO I USED AN APRICOT!

NOW, WATCH!

WHAT DO YOU SEE?





WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE APPLES?



I ATE 'EM!
HOW ABOUT
A PARSNIP?



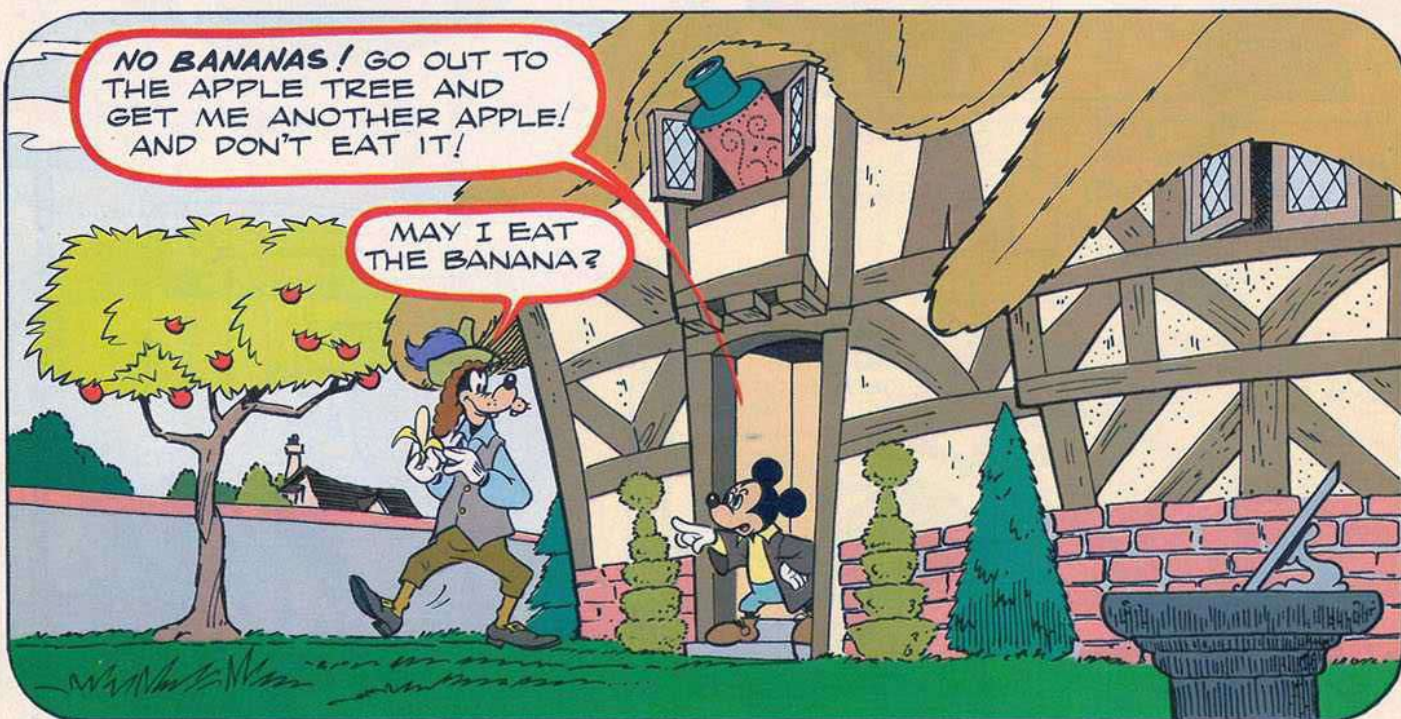
I CAN'T USE A PARSNIP FOR THE EARTH!
IT'S NOT THE RIGHT SHAPE! AND I
TOLD YOU NOT TO EAT
THE PROPS!



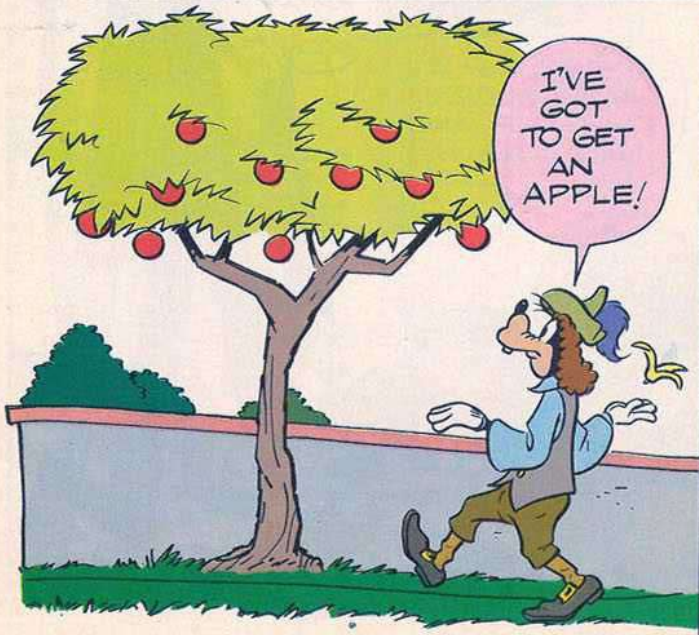
HOW
ABOUT A
BANANA?
THAT'D
MAKE A
GOOD
EARTH!

NO BANANAS! GO OUT TO
THE APPLE TREE AND
GET ME ANOTHER APPLE!
AND DON'T EAT IT!

MAY I EAT
THE BANANA?

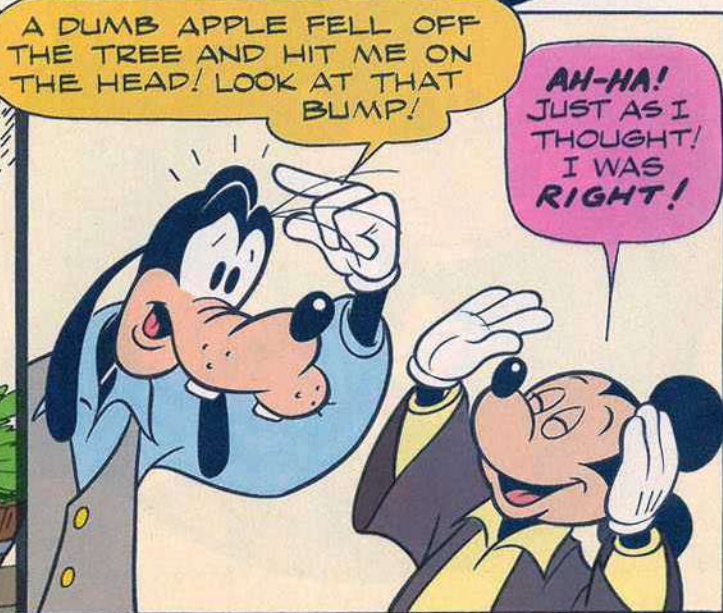
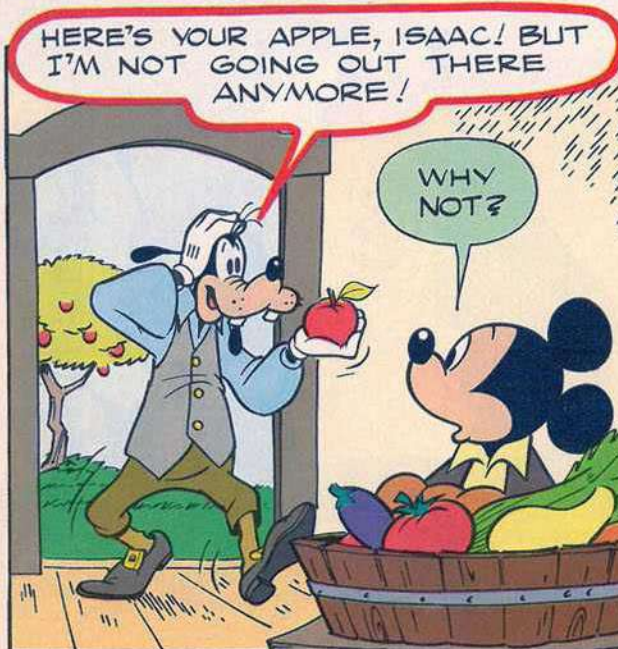
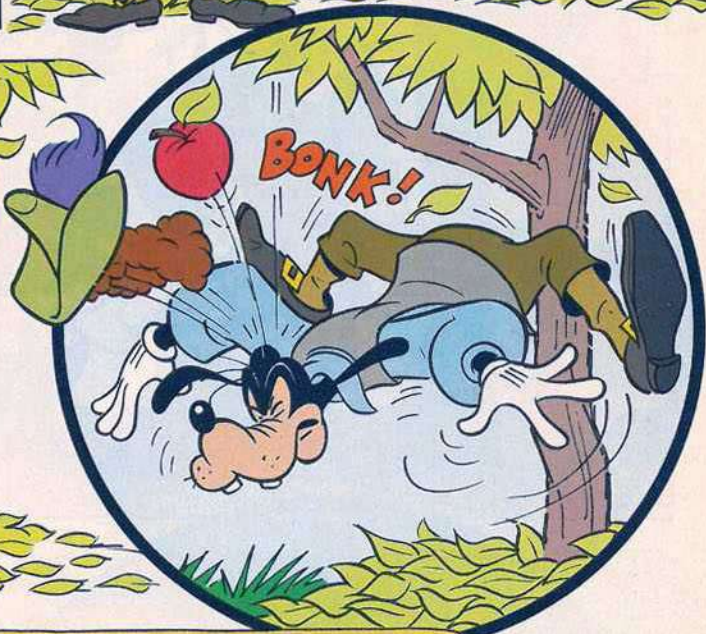


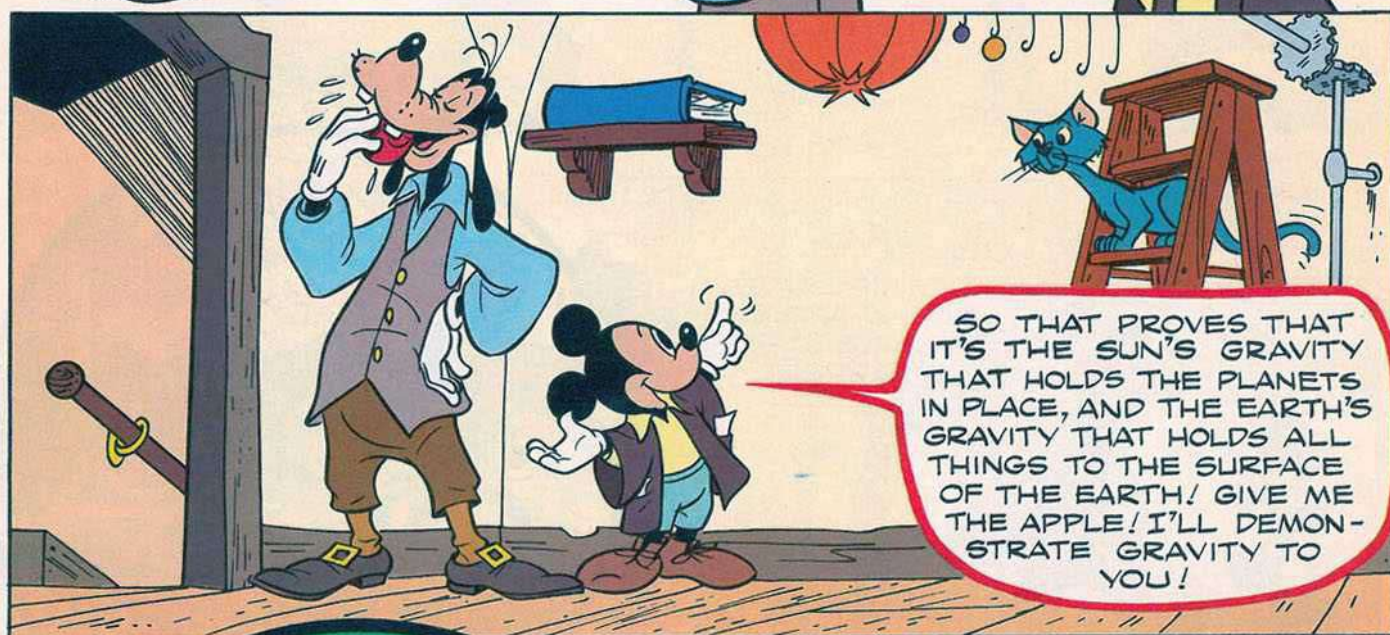
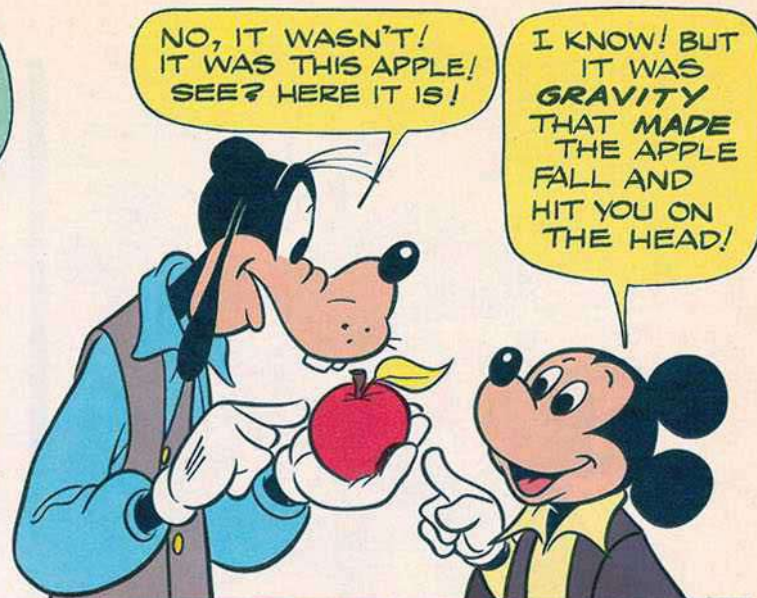
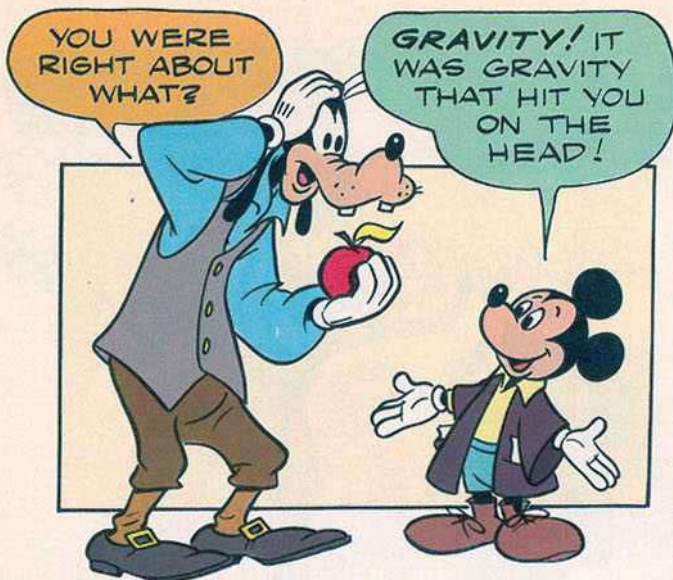
I'VE
GOT
TO GET
AN
APPLE!

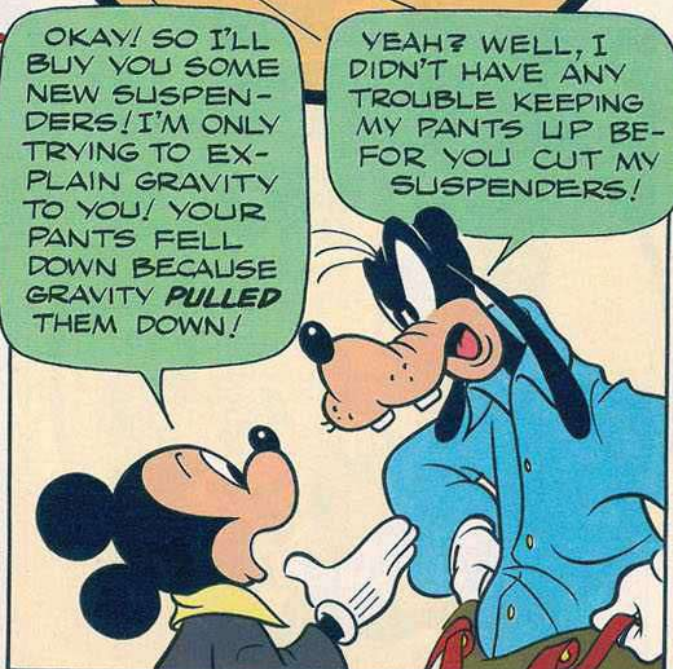
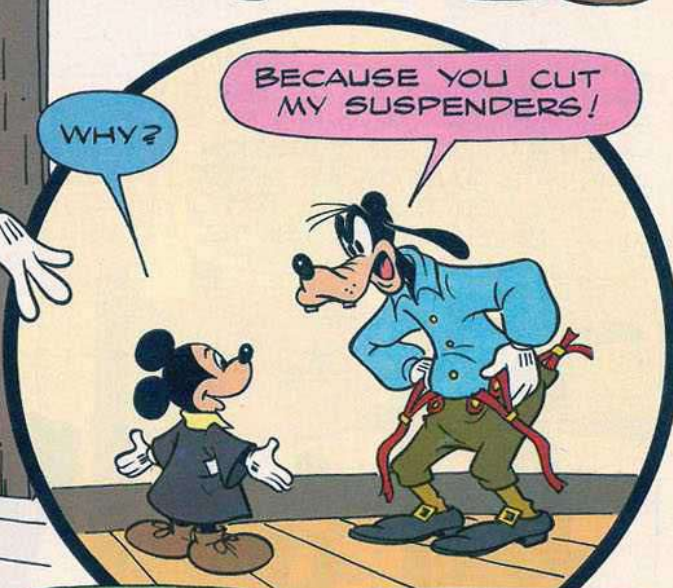
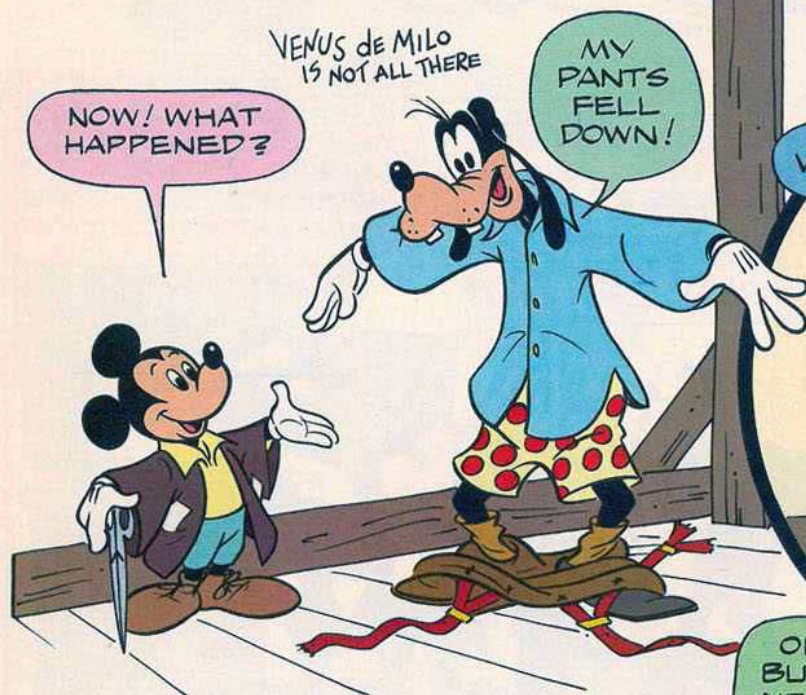
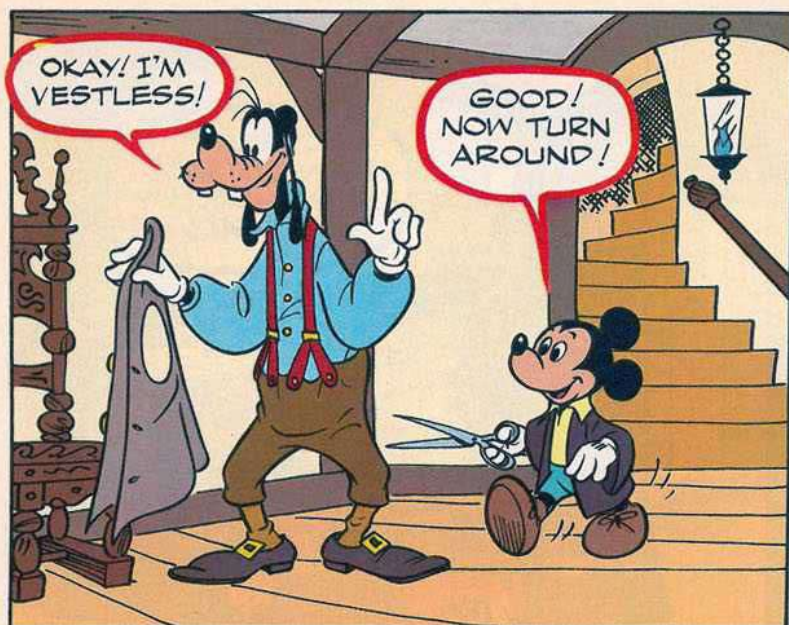


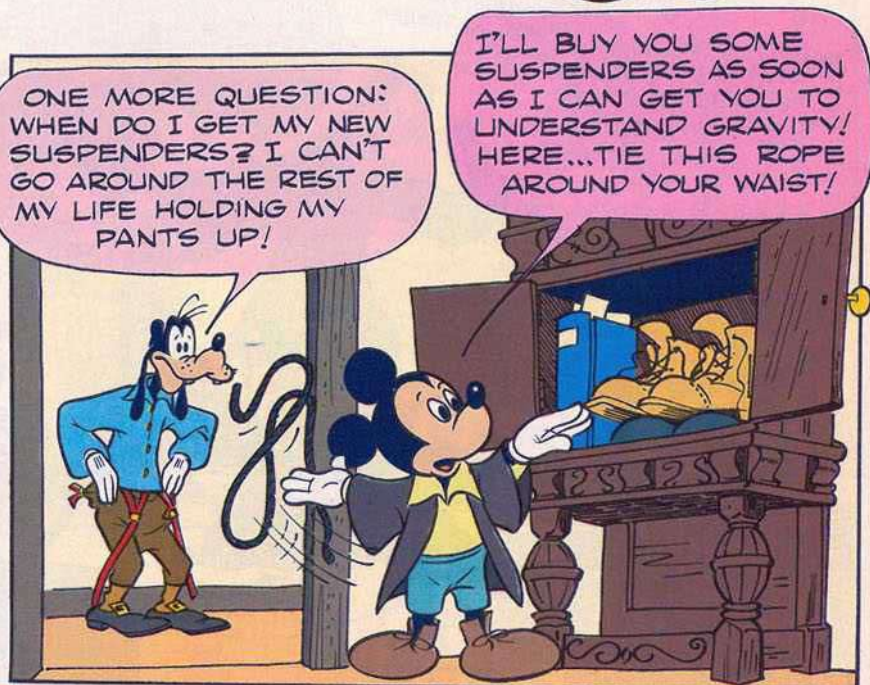
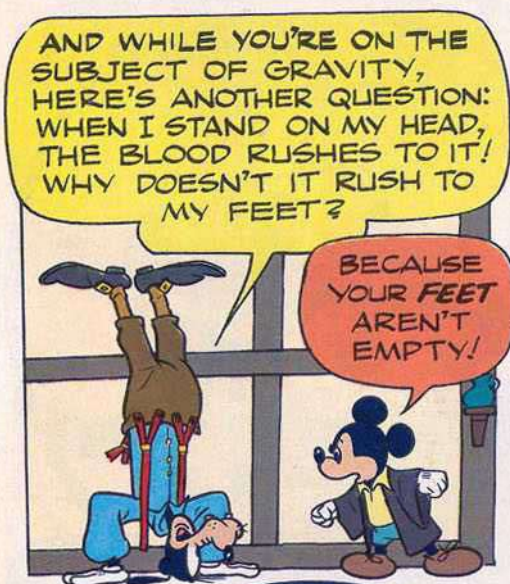
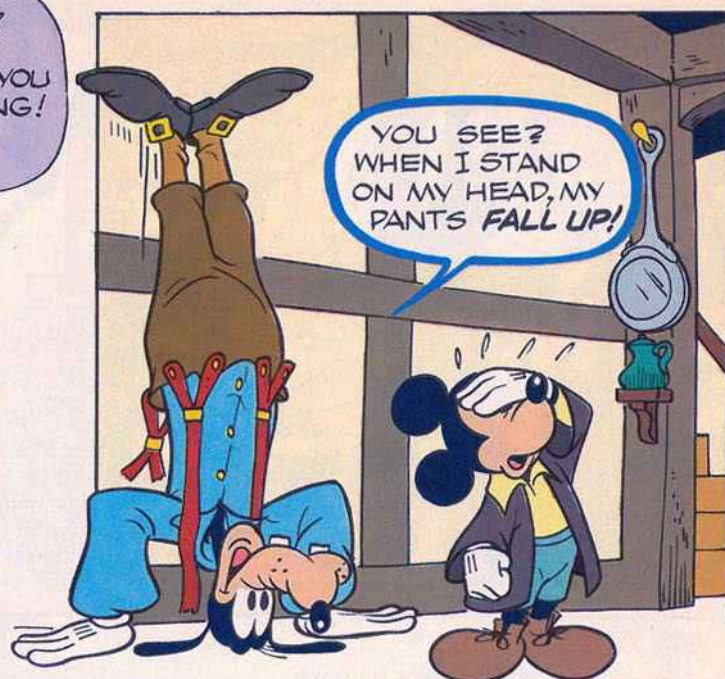
I'LL
SHAKE ONE
DOWN!

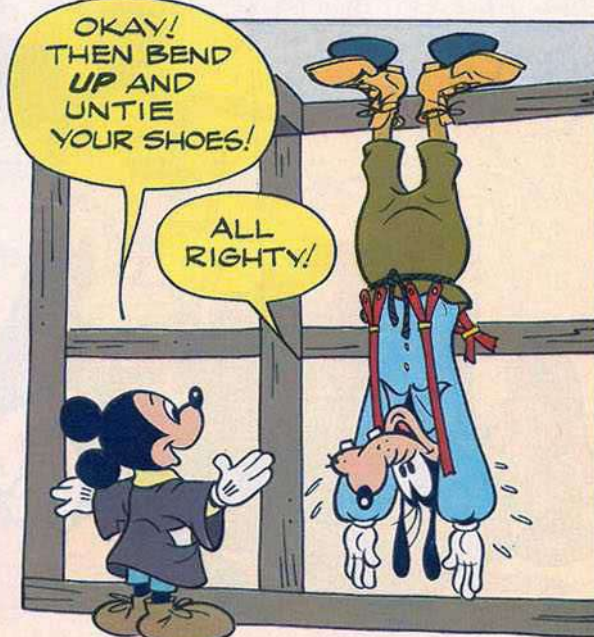
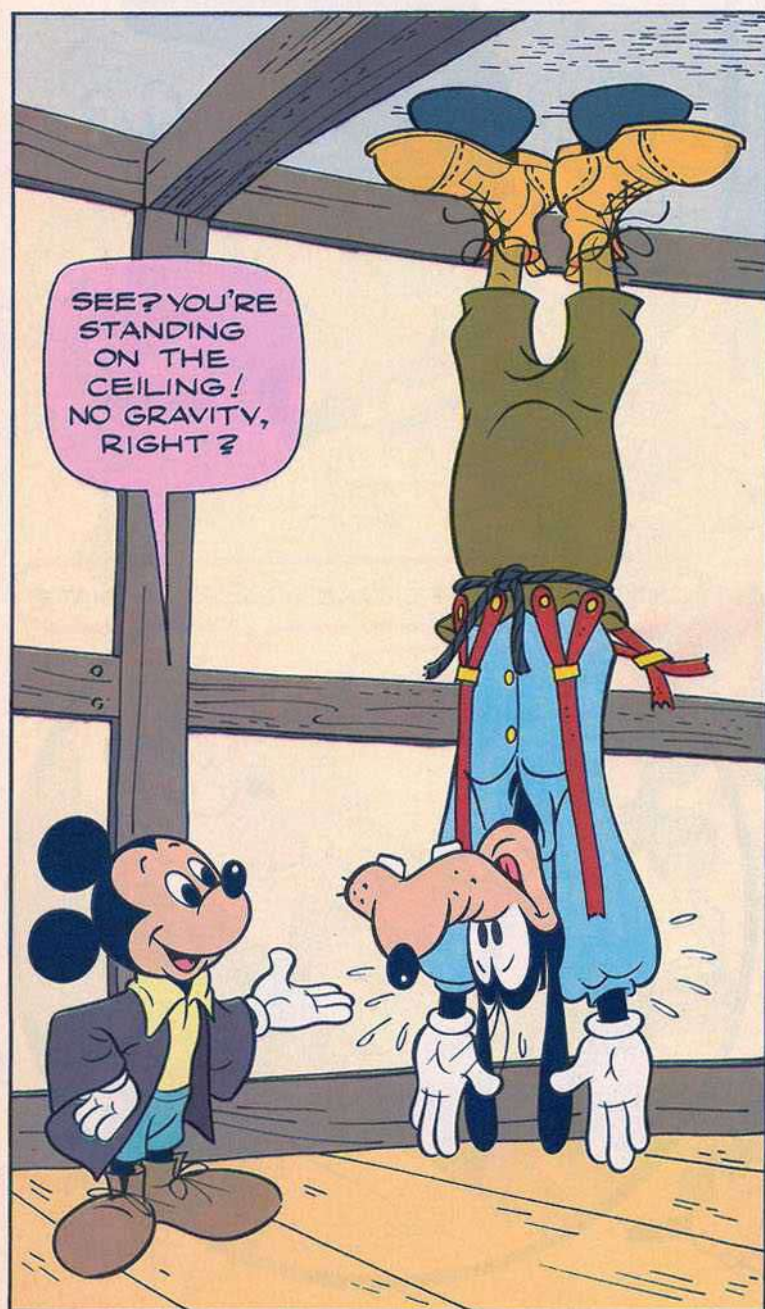
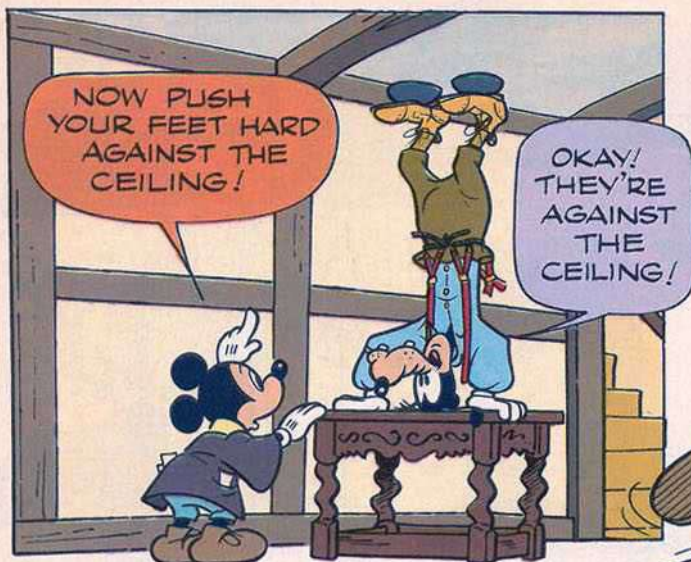














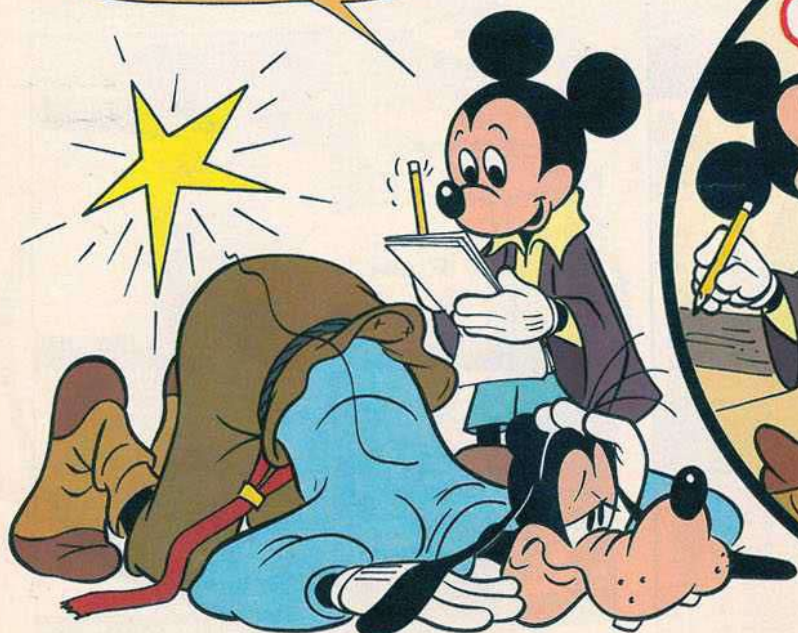
YOU SEE, ISAAC, I'M STANDING ON THE CEILING! I TOLD YOU THAT GRAVITY STUFF IS A LOT OF MALARKEY!

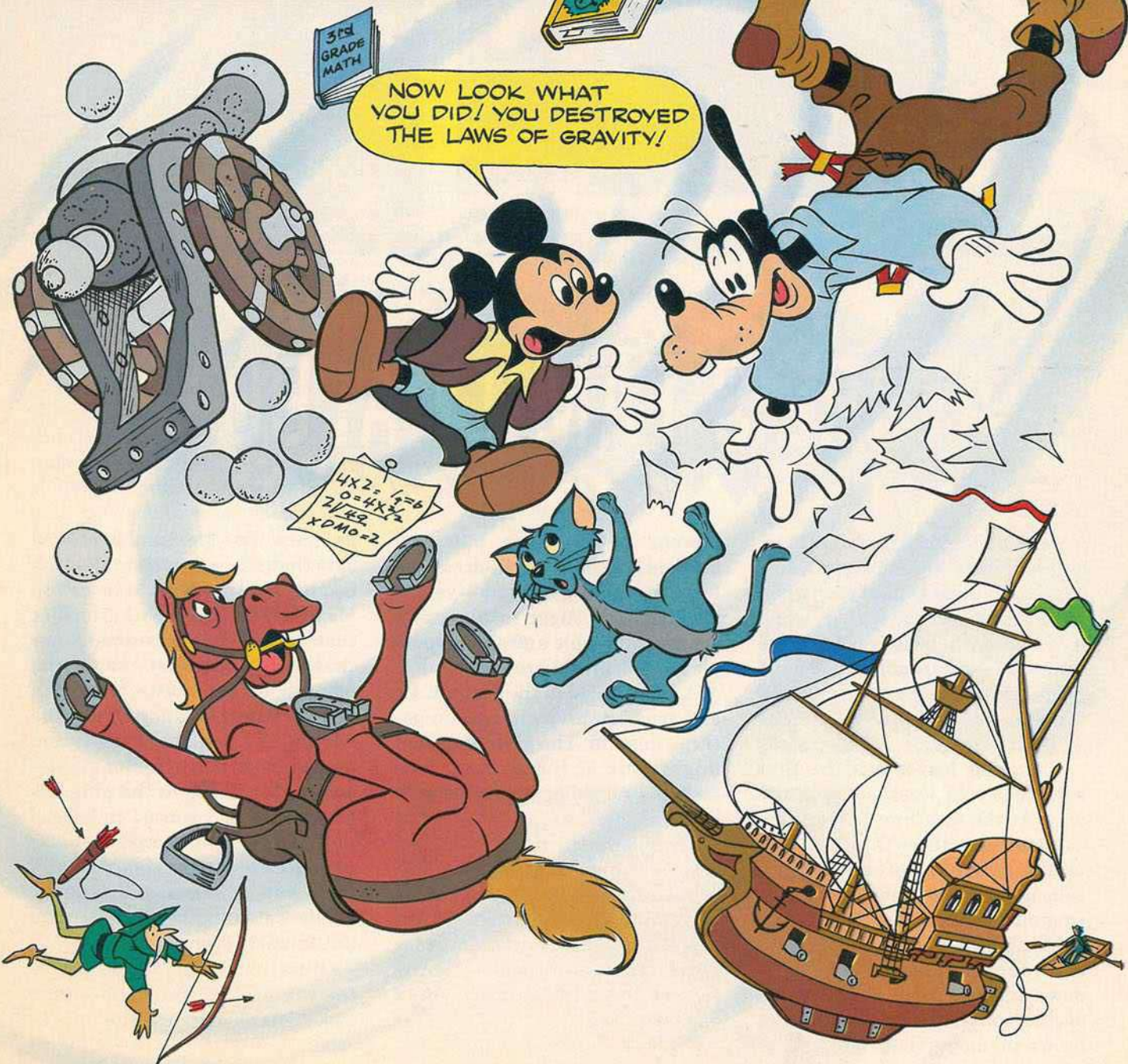
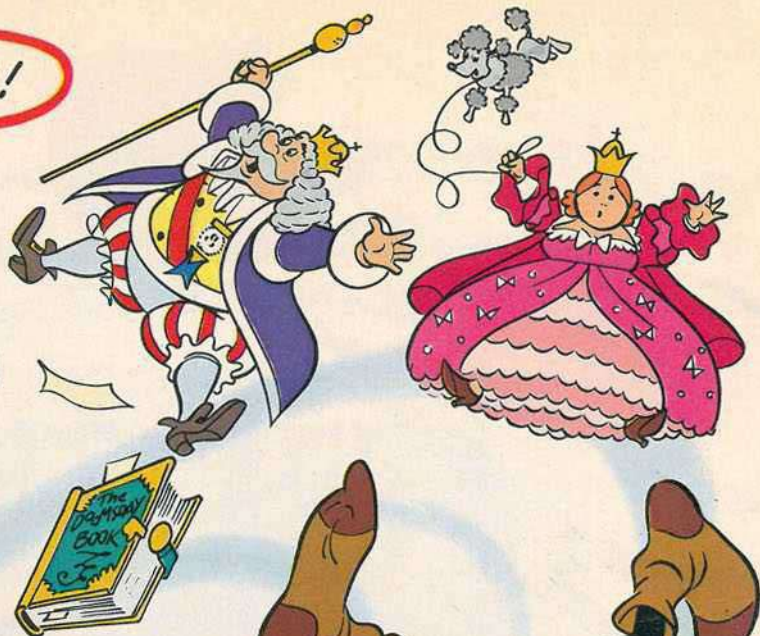
I'LL JUST ADD THAT TO MY LAWS OF GRAVITY! "YOU CAN'T STAND ON THE CEILING UNLESS YOU'RE A FLY!"



DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT THAT?

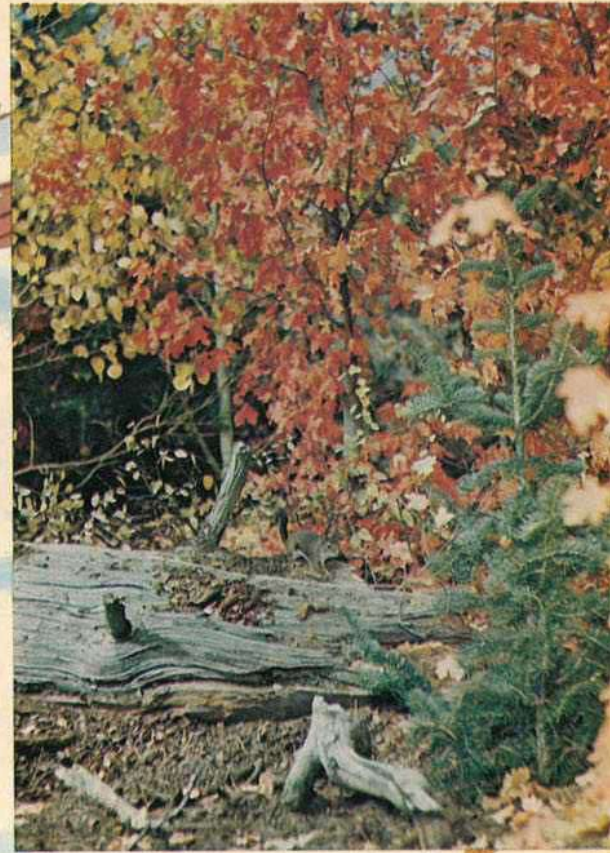
BE MY GUEST!







The jay's bright blue contrasts with autumn's brilliant red.



NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM

Autumn is glory in red and gold, skies wrapped in floating ribbons of geese. It is the time of year when nature prepares for winter, when trees shed their leaves and the birds are on the move, when the farmer reaps his final harvest and the animals store up food for the winter.

Changing leaves are the first sign that cold weather is on the way. At the first hint of frost, deciduous trees (those that lose their leaves) grow a row of brittle, corky cells at the base of each twig, cutting off the circulation of sap and causing the leaves' green chlorophyll pigment to break down and disappear. With the loss of chlorophyll, the yellow, red, and brown pigments that were always

present in the leaves, but were masked by chlorophyll, dress the trees in bright garments—yellow for birch and sugar maple, crimson for soft maple and sumac, purple for ash, bright brown for oak.

A snap of cold in the autumn air also triggers other changes in nature's domain. The great seasonal migrations of birds, bats, butterflies and other creatures now begin.

Fully two-thirds of the bird species summering in the northern United States and Canada travel south for the winter. Many, especially shorebirds, migrate nearly from pole to pole—the Arctic tern has a round-trip flight of 12,000 miles.

Birds are not the only migratory

animals. The Mexican freetail bats that abound in New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns winter in Mexico. The Monarch butterflies that gather in such abundance that they literally bend the boughs of the trees travel to Pacific Grove, California for the winter. The caribou of the frozen north move down in long lines across the tundra to the pine forests, where they subsist on lichens until spring. And the grey whales pass so close to our Pacific coast on their way to Baja California that whale-watching there has become an annual pastime.

Other animals stand fast during the winter. Squirrels gather pine cones, nuts, berries and mushrooms and store them either in



Canada geese fly south along four flyways: Atlantic coast, Pacific coast, Mississippi valley, and eastern Rocky Mountains.

Bears use the season of autumn to accumulate fat that will be used up in winter hibernation.



their nests or in buried caches. Their habit of "squirreling away" pine cones and acorns, in fact, is responsible for the growth of many new trees, since squirrels often forget where they've buried the seeds.

Mice and beavers also store food in caches. Mice gather grass seeds near their nests, and beavers build up mounds of branches in their dams under the surface of the water, where they will be safe from freezing and the bark will remain soft enough to eat.

Many creatures, however, take the arrival of autumn's crisp weather as the signal to hibernate. Hibernators come in all shapes and sizes, from bears to box turtles, rodents to rattle snakes. Recent studies of the bears in Yosemite show that all the bears there retire to their dens on the same day, when a mysterious instinct tells them that one particular storm is the last of autumn and the first of winter, that the air the next day will not warm above freezing.

Both migrating and hibernating animals eat heavily during the fall to store up fat in their tissues, but they burn it in different ways. The migrators use it up immediately on the long treks and flights to their wintering grounds. Hibernators, on the other hand, burn the fat they've stored very slowly. The hibernating ground squirrel's body temperature drops to within a few degrees of freezing,

and its heart may slow to a mere five beats a minute (the normal rate is about 300).

Fall affects man no less than animals. It's the signal to put away the lawn furniture, put up the storm windows, build up the wood pile, and bring in the crops. Many of the foods that are traditional fare for Thanksgiving are harvested in the fall: pumpkin, cranberries, sweet potatoes, sweet corn.

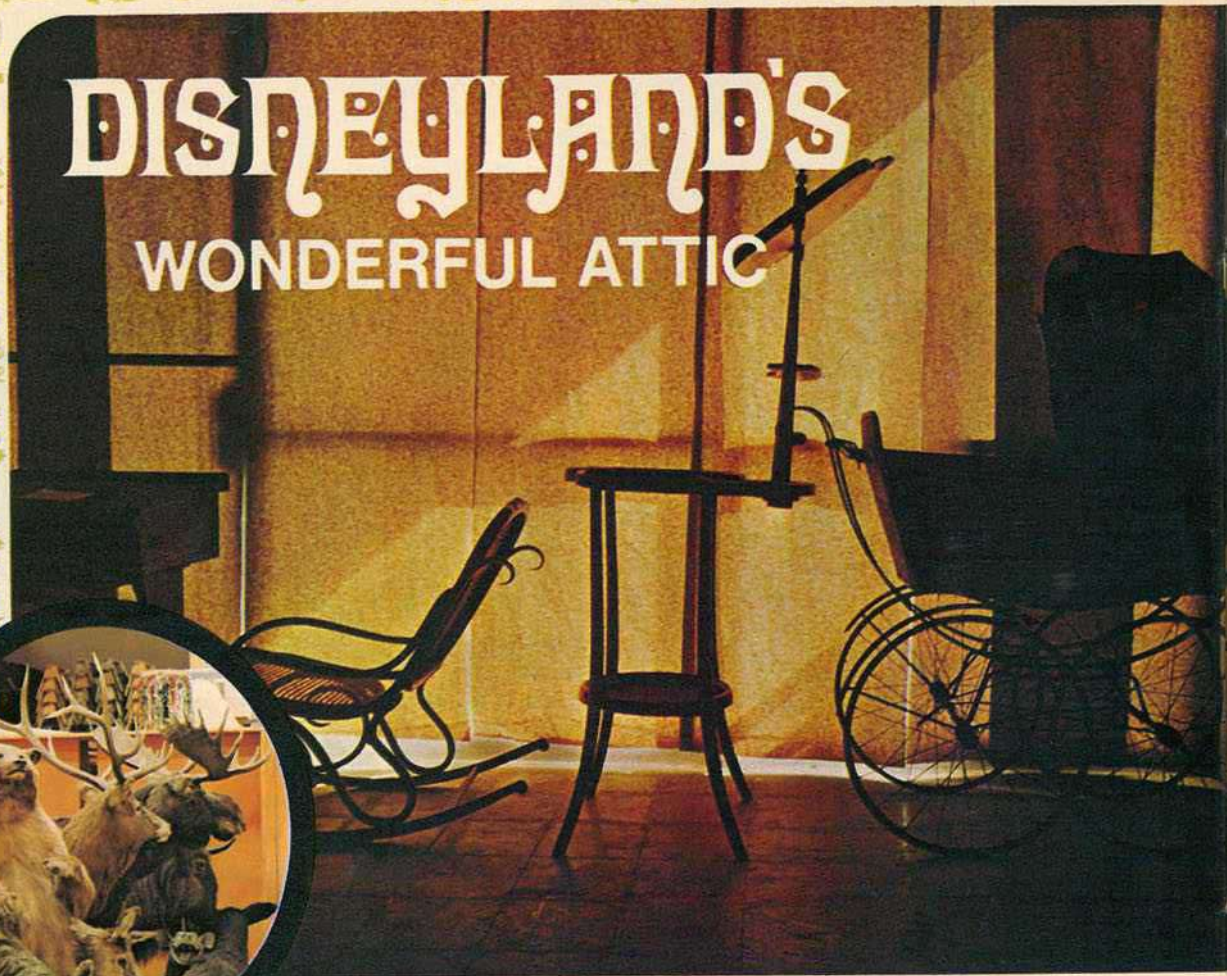
The season of autumn is a special one for all of nature's family—plant, animal and man alike. It has even been called a second spring—a time when every leaf is a flower.

Squirrels store up pine cones, acorns, nuts and such to last them through the winter.



The beaver will store the wood and bark of this tree below the water line in his dam, so it won't freeze.

DISNEYLAND'S WONDERFUL ATTIC



If grandmother's attic could produce treasures so interesting they could convert a dull, rainy afternoon into an event of lasting memory, think what an "attic" a hundred times its size, serving a family of 6,000, could do...

...and the typical grandma's garret rarely exhibits a wall full of tiki masks, shelves of pirate swords and African spears, a stack of buffalo hides, a box of jungle spiders and a 740-foot mainsail for a full-rigged merchant vessel.

All these items and thousands more are commonplace in Disneyland's attic. Better known as the prop warehouse, the giant loft measures the size of a football field and functions as a great storeroom for props used in Disneyland attractions, store windows and special events. Boxes, bins and cartons brim with ordinary and unusual objects that are waiting for their turn to be part of the wonderful Disneyland stage.

One of the main functions of the prop warehouse is keeping replacements on hand for the many attractions. One aisle, measuring more than 80 feet long, is a beautiful sight any time of the year. Cartons and cartons of flowers made of plastic are kept here, including garden varieties for the window boxes on Disneyland's Main Street, lovely orchids



and other subtropical flora for the Enchanted Tiki Room and sea shells and water plants for Tomorrowland's Submarine Ride.

Strolling along other aisles, you will find artifacts for the Indian village in Frontierland, apples for the witch in the Snow White attraction or boxes of toy pistols for the Caribbean pirates. Although you might find such items in grandma's loft, it is unlikely she would find such unusual uses for them.

These are all replacement items that must be on hand year-round, seven days a week, for Disneyland's on-going maintenance program. Each day an inspection is made of the park and a "defect sheet" is compiled and sent to the prop warehouse.

The sheet lists all the props that need replacing. A curtain was torn yesterday in the Haunted Mansion, a Japanese lantern needs replacing in the Blue Bayou Restaurant, one of those notorious Caribbean pirates has misplaced his firearm.

Three prop crews (each responsible for certain areas of the park) assemble to gather the materials and replace the damaged items before the park opens each day.

The great attic also hosts a number of guests, including 35 dwarfs, a number of adorable Aristocats, a Sleeping Beauty and lots of Peter Pans—just to name a few.

These guests are two-foot character replicas used in the window displays of the Emporium Shop on Main Street. Twice a year, nine windows of the Emporium display scenes from a current-running Disney movie. When it's time to change, the characters are carefully packed in crates and sent to the prop warehouse, where they await their next turn in the window. If this were really grandma's attic, think of the fun you could have playing with these life-like replicas of your favorite Disney friends.

Occasionally, the prop warehouse is called upon to handle a crisis. For instance, just recently manufacturers stopped making the Japanese paper lanterns used in the Blue Bayou Restaurant. Instead, the companies began making them out of plastic, which could not be fire-proofed and therefore could not be used.

The problem was solved by one of the prop men who devised a way to mold the lamps from fiberglass. Now Disneyland makes, as well as stores, the lanterns.

Indeed, it takes more than a lot of storage space to run the prop warehouse for the Magic Kingdom—it takes ingenuity and dedication, too. And think what fun it would be to have a job in Disneyland's wonderful attic.







NOW,
CUT THAT OUT,
MOWGLI! HE'S
TRYING TO
SLEEP!

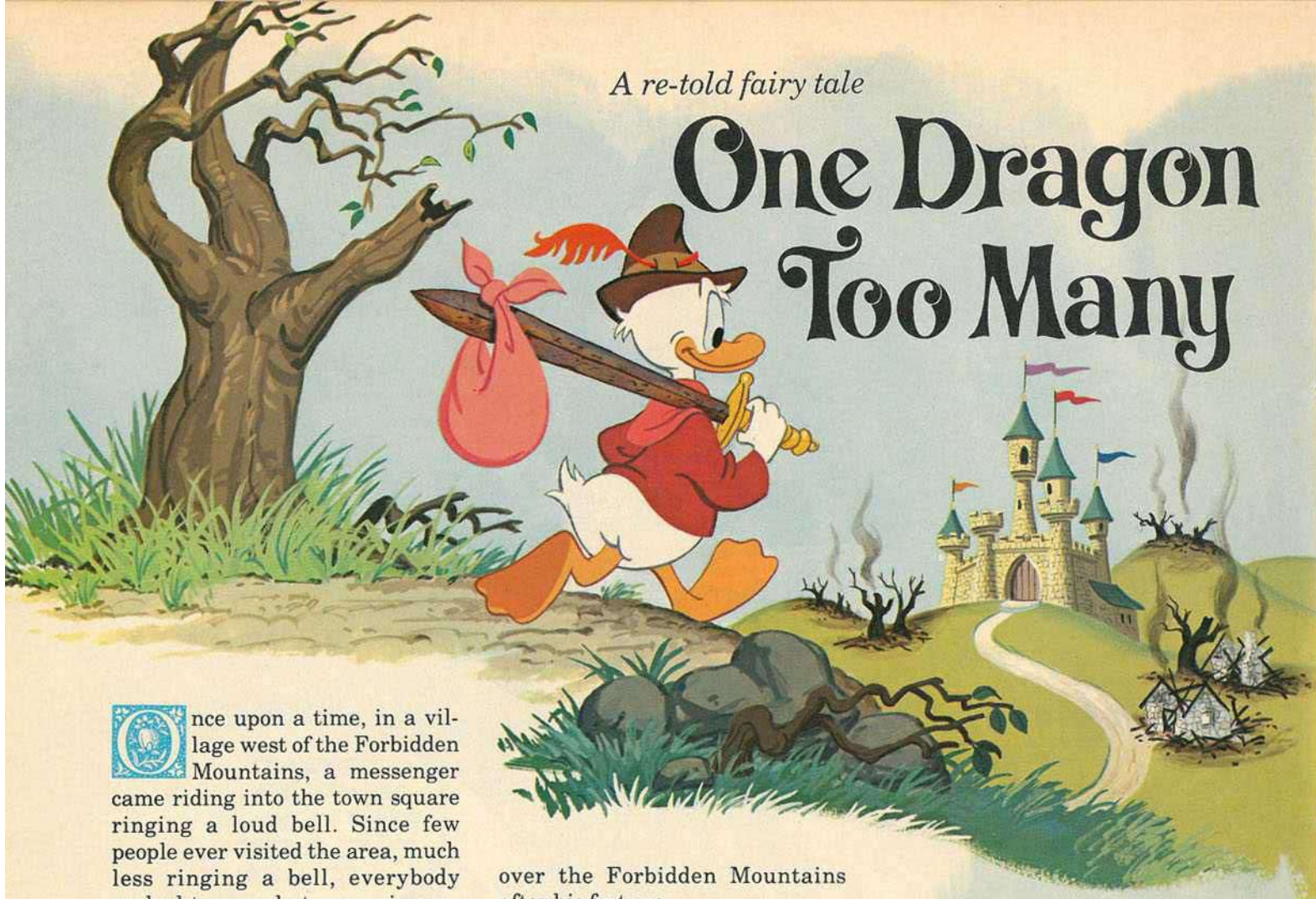
"STAND
ON MY OWN TWO
FEET?" WHAT IS
THAT SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?

WHAT
HAPPENED THERE,
LITTLE BUDDY? A
TRUCK RUN OVER
YOUR TAIL?

CUTE,
HUH?

A re-told fairy tale

One Dragon Too Many



Once upon a time, in a village west of the Forbidden Mountains, a messenger came riding into the town square ringing a loud bell. Since few people ever visited the area, much less ringing a bell, everybody rushed to see what was going on.

"Hear ye, hear ye! Pay heed!" Not that everyone there wasn't listening eagerly. "The king of the land of Plattydom will give his only child, Prudence, in marriage, plus half of his kingdom to the fellow who can get rid of the dragon wrecking our land."

Peter, the village potter and the poorest pauper in town, put down his broom and strained to hear the details.

"Just come to the king's castle in Plattydom if you're interested and he'll sign you up." At that the messenger shoved his bell under his tunic, spurred his horse and rode out of the square, down a narrow street and out of sight.

It didn't sound so difficult—just one measly old dragon. This looked like a grand opportunity for Peter to better himself. It seemed to him that life could be pretty easy as a prince, or whatever. So he packed what few belongings he had in a knapsack, borrowed a rusty sword and set off

over the Forbidden Mountains after his fortune.

It was several days later when Peter approached the border of Plattydom. Coming toward him was a husky knight in a suit of dented, sooty armor.

"Could you tell me where the castle of the king is? I've come to rid the country of the dragon," said Peter. The knight stopped only a minute.

"Good luck! I've tried, and enough is enough." He shook his head and rode off the way Peter had come.

Plattydom had been a pretty country, but as Peter could easily see as he continued down the road, great areas were black from fire and most farms seemed deserted.

A suspicion started growing in Peter's mind—his task wasn't going to be quite as easy as he'd first thought.

Peter passed a group of knights, all sullen and scowling, swords broken and bent, armor damaged. Even Peter's cheerful "Good day!" was met with sneers from the



group. His fears were growing; but before he could really consider turning back, he came to the castle of the king of Plattydome.

"Nice, middle-class castle. Needs a little work," muttered Peter as he considered how he could improve his half. He was lost in these thoughts as he wandered into the courtyard and across to a large doorway.

In a window overlooking the entrance a pair of eyes watched Peter. The Princess Prudence was sizing up the latest candidate for her husband. A big smile appeared on her face, and she quickly rounded up her father and ran down to the reception room. Peter wandered in a minute later.

"Is this where you sign up to get rid of the dragon?" asked Peter.

"It sure is, young man," the king said as he came down the stairs toward Peter.

"We weren't expecting visitors this early," she smiled at Peter.

One look at Princess Prudence and Peter forgot all his fears—one half the kingdom *and* a lovely bride!

"I'm at the end of my rope,"

sighed the king. "No one will work, no crops will grow because of this dragon. He's a pretty nasty fellow. Shoots fire out eight, nine feet; burns everything he sees."

Peter started edging his way back to the open door. Before he reached it Prudence grabbed his hand.

"I know *you* can do it—I just know it." Peter was shaking his head. The king put his arm around Peter's shoulders and confided, "Now, it's not that this fellow can't be stopped. Why, if you could prevent him breathing those flames for only three days he'd never be able to breathe fire again!"

Peter still suspected that there was something they weren't telling him—it sounded too easy.

The princess kept encouraging him, and before he knew it, he was off down the road to find the dragon, with a lunch of a dozen liverwurst sandwiches packed by the Princess Prudence and a few of her favorite books to read.

Peter walked for several miles, past burned fields and deserted houses and empty barns. Pretty soon, he was more worried he'd find the dragon than not. Tired and hungry, he sat down behind a

crumbling wall to have one of the princess's sandwiches. From his knapsack he also pulled out one of the books she'd given him.

"Hmmmm. Riddles," muttered Peter aloud. He opened the book. "'When is a black dog most likely to enter a house?'" He thought for a minute. "When the door's open!" Peter laughed. "Next one. 'Why are different trees like different dogs?'" He sat quietly thinking.

Suddenly a husky roar answered from behind him, "Because each of them has a different bark!"

Peter jumped.

"Well—go on! Go on!" The voice commanded. Peter's knees knocked as he peeked over the wall.

There stood a dragon—fifteen feet high, with not one, but *three* heads! Each head was flat with a pair of bulging green eyes and each had a long scaly neck leading to a single squat body that ended in a long barbed tail. Eight-foot flames blazed from each enormous mouth, smoke steamed from its nostrils.

Peter was *sure* he should be back home now, selling his pots—poor, but not cooked. However, it was too late.



"Come out, where I can hear you!"
"I ca—can't. You'll burn me up!"
stammered Peter.

The dragon hesitated. He shut his mouths, putting out the fires. "There. Now, come out and tell us another."

"Do you like riddles?" asked Peter. He reached for the book the princess had given him.

"Oh, yes, yes! I just love riddles!" the second head giggled.

"Well, they'd better be good," head three sneered.

"Why did the chicken cross the road?" Peter looked frantically through the book for a better riddle.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, that's easy!" the second head twittered. "To get to the other side."

"What rot! If that's the sort of nonsense you come up with..." the third head snarled.

"Give him a chance. I'm really sick of just burning and roaring—it could be amusing." The first head nodded to Peter and heads,

body and tail settled down to listen.

"When is a river like the letter T?" Peter started at the beginning of the book.

Number one head scowled.

"I know, I know! When it's crossed!" The second head was really enjoying himself.

"Here's one for you." Peter looked at the third, rather grumpy head. "Which is heavier, a half or a full moon?" All three heads looked at each other.

"Ah...ah..." The other two heads waited. "Ah...let's see. Full moon or half moon...hmmm."

"The half-moon. Because the full moon is lighter! Lighter—get it?" The second head was very pleased with himself. The third was not and snarled at him. "It was *my* riddle, you smart aleck!"

Well, so it went for two days. The three heads enjoyed the game and kept asking for more. Page after page Peter read on.

"When is a piece of wood like a king?" croaked Peter.

"Hmmm...wood...king," mut-

tered the dragon's first head.

"When it's a ruler!" By now the third head was the quickest and hardest to stump. "Ask me another!"

Peter turned the page. It was the last one—and there was still a day to go! His voice was shaking. "What is the color of grass when it's covered with snow?"

"I know! I know!" piped head three.

"Oh, shut up!" The first head was clearly disgusted with the third.

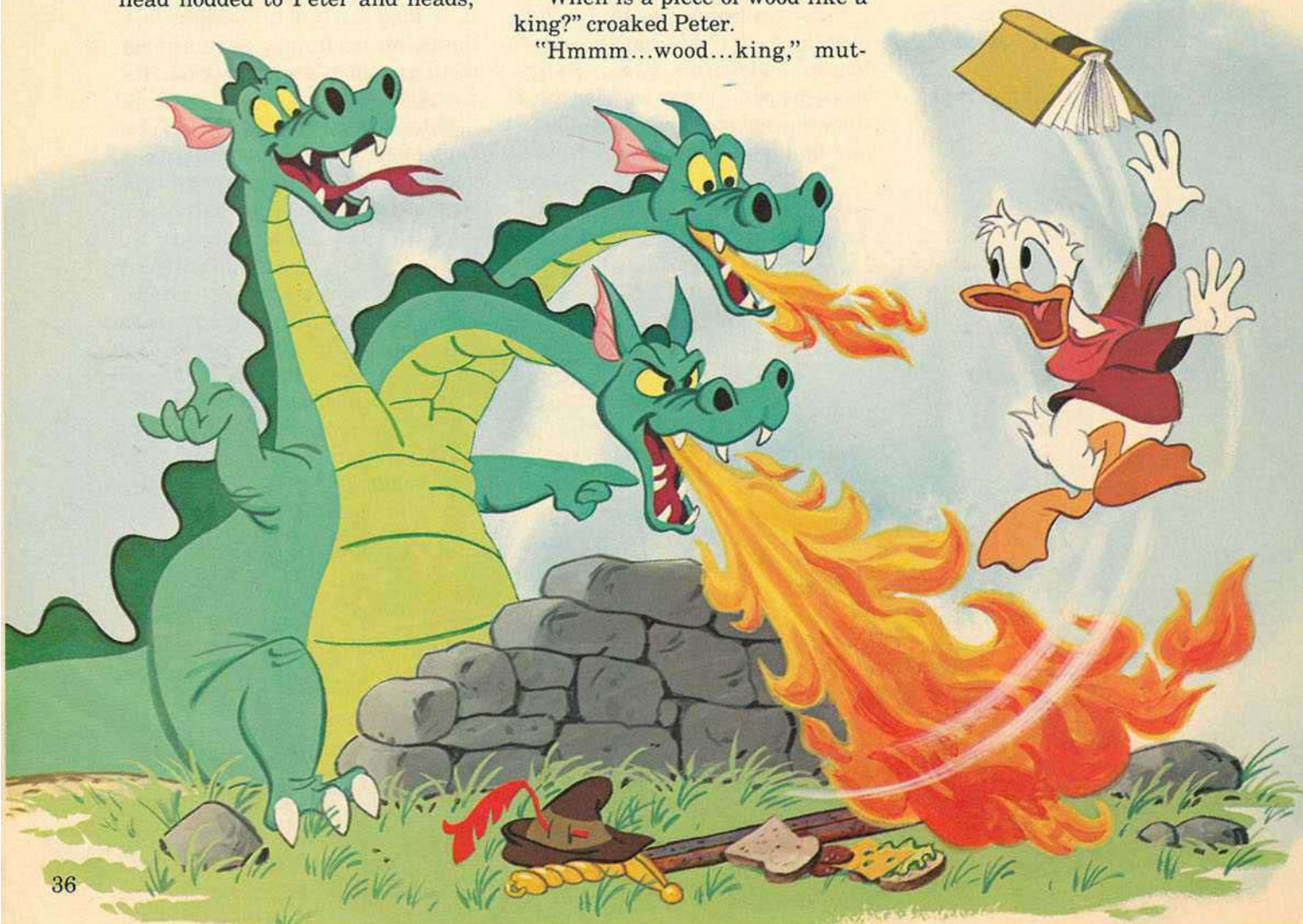
"He thinks he knows it all," chimed in the second head.

"I'm just better at riddles than you two." The third head turned toward Peter, "Aren't I?"

"Well—ah..." Peter could see that siding with any one of the three would mean more trouble.

"I think he's peeking in the book—just look at him." The second head glared at the third.

"Shut up!"



"Don't tell me to..."

And on and on it went. Peter tentatively closed his book, and gradually his eyelids drooped as the dragon's three heads argued their way through the fateful third day and night.

Just as dawn was breaking on the fourth day, Peter woke with a start as the first head rudely nudged him. "Well!" it urged. "What's the answer? What color is the grass when it's covered with snow?"

"I guess I have to find out sometime..." Peter thought to himself, and aloud he said, "If you can't figure out the answer for yourselves, I'm certainly not going to tell you."

"What?!" chorused the dragon's three heads.

"Ulp!" gulped the dragon in dismay, as it remembered that it had spent three whole days quibbling about riddles, without breathing out even a tiny tongue of flame. "Oh, no!" groaned all three heads.

"It's no more than you deserve," pronounced Peter with a righteous air. "Laying waste the countryside, indeed!" And he strutted off to the king's castle in Plattydom to claim his reward.

The poor dragon (after all, it had suffered quite a shock to its system) sank down in a heap beside the tumble-down wall, its three heads too dejected to do much but

there, by the tumble-down wall where he'd left it, slumped the dejected dragon, its heads still feebly fussing with one another and trying to figure out the answer to Peter's last riddle.

And the new prince, good fellow that he was, decided to take pity on the poor beast. "All right! All right! I'll tell you the answer!"

All three heads perked up and



"How dare you?" added the first. "Upstart!" chimed in the second. "We'll show you!" finished the third, and all three fearsome mouths gaped wide as the dragon drew back its three heads and breathed out a great blast of ...wind!

"Uuurk!" squeaked the dragon as its hands flew to its middle throat. Even more furious, it tried a second time, with only the result that it ruffled Peter's feathers.

complain half-heartedly.

Peter, of course, was hailed as the hero of Plattydom when the king heard the news of the dragon's de-flaming. A great wedding was held, and all the people of Plattydom turned out to cheer Princess Prudence and her new husband, Prince Peter, as they left on their honeymoon.

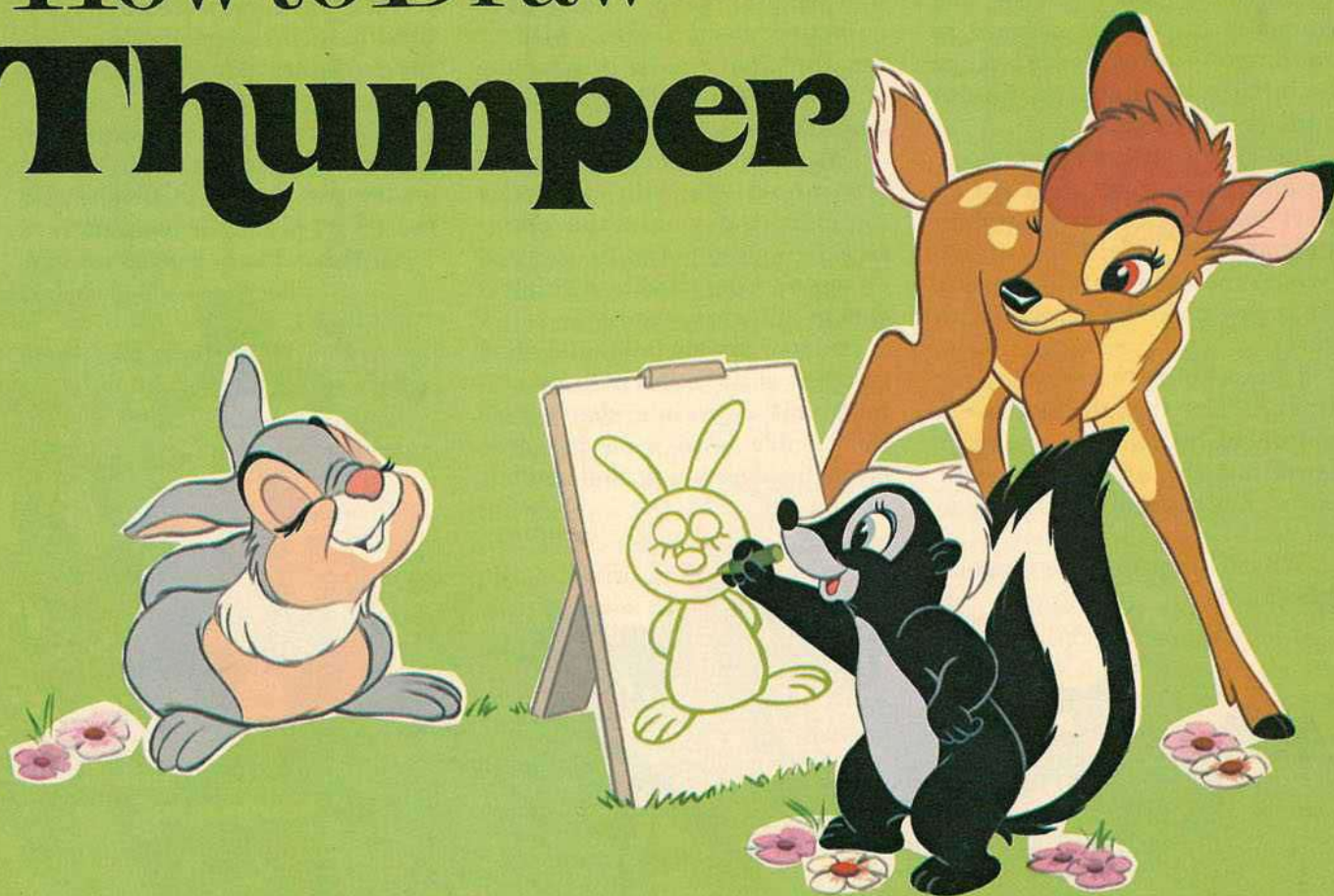
At this point, Prince Peter was—justifiably—rather proud of himself, and couldn't resist taking the road that led by the spot where he'd defeated the dragon. And

swiveled to face in Peter's direction. "The grass is still green when it's covered with snow, of course," he explained with a satisfied air.

The three heads registered surprise, and then dawning irritation. They immediately fell to blaming one another for not knowing the answer to such a simple riddle.

Prince Peter and Princess Prudence resumed their journey to a seaside resort in the next kingdom. "You try to do somebody a favor..." lamented Peter to Prudence as they rode out of range of the dragon's noisy bickering.

How to Draw Thumper

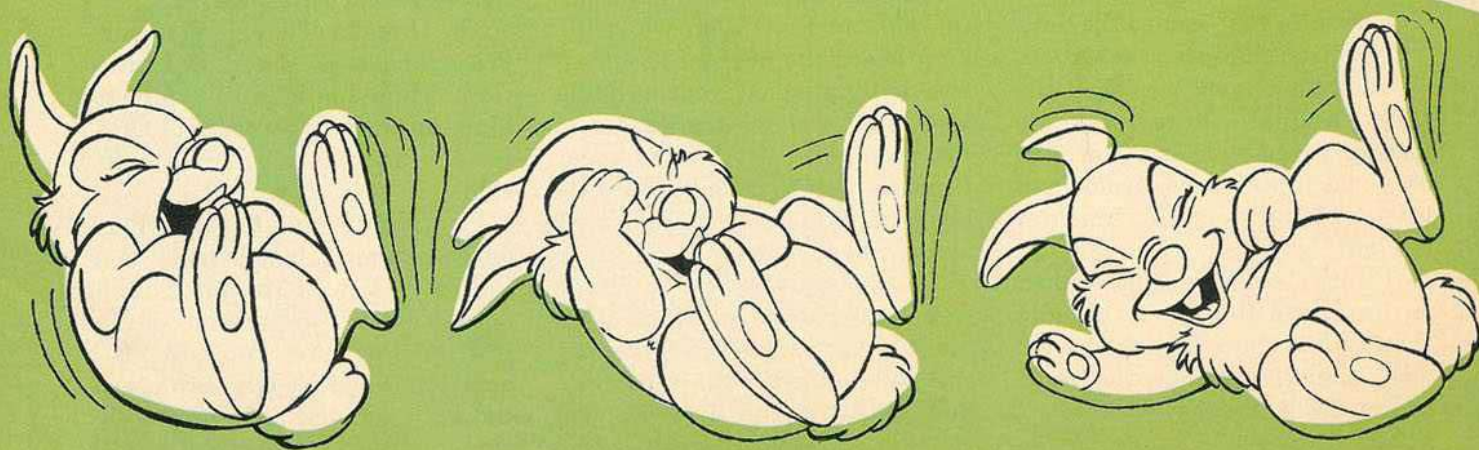


While Bambi may be the Prince of the Forest, his little pal, Thumper, is surely the Court Jester. As Bambi's first playmate, Thumper was the one who urged him to jump his first log, taught him to say his first word, and gave him his first ice-skating lesson.

Of all the forest creatures, Thumper is surely the merriest. And he puts

those long hind feet of his to good use. In fact, he got his name from his habit of thumping.

Thumper is easy to draw—his head and body are built on ovals. There's only one thing to watch out for: except when he's alert, his right ear (to your left) is bent. With that in mind, grab your pencil and get drawing!





NOTE NARROWNESS OF HEAD
AND FULLNESS OF CHEEKS

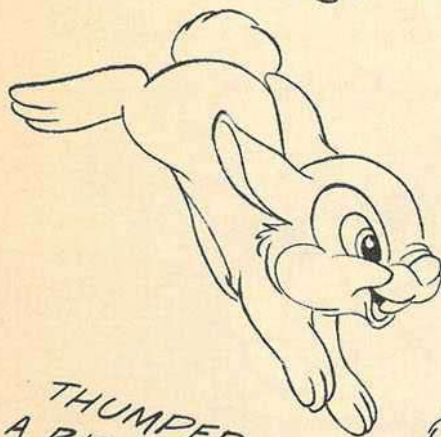


THUMPER'S TOOTH
IS OFF CENTER

THIS IS HOW THUMPER
"THUMPS"



SHOW EYELASHES ONLY
WHEN EYES ARE CLOSED
TWO WRINKLES ON
HIS SNOUT



THUMPER HAS
A BIG-FLUFFY TAIL

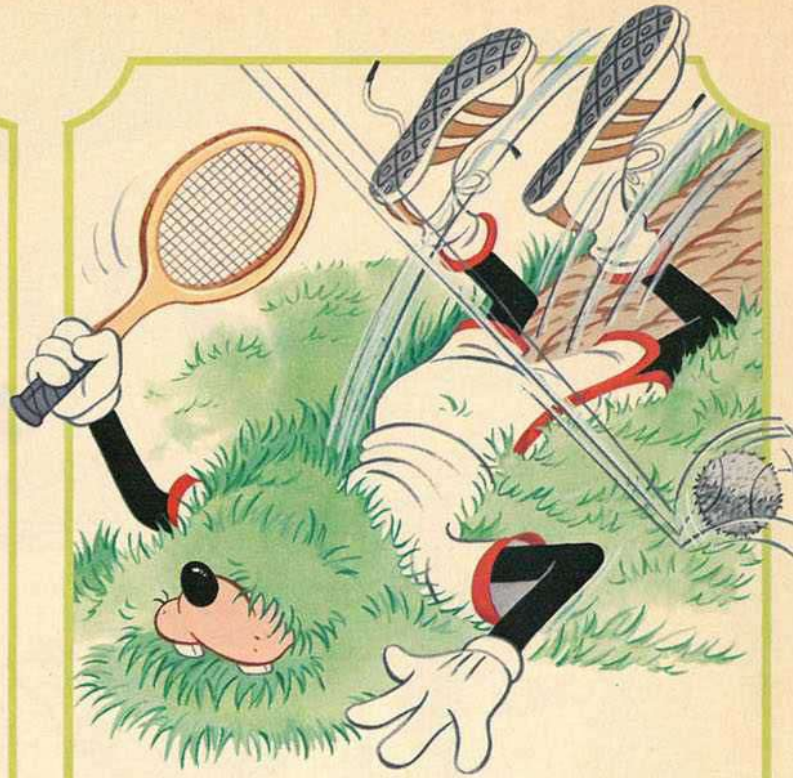


GOOFY TENNIS

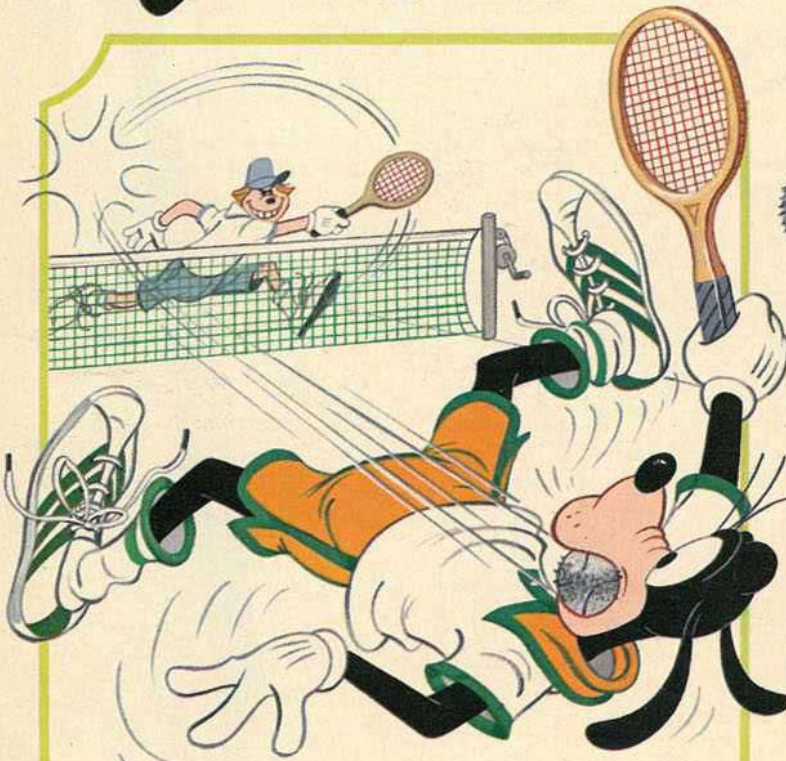
(What a racket!)



"Tennis" comes from the French word "tenez," which is a command to play. So **PLAY IT!**



1. Tennis (tenez) can be played on grass, gravel, cinders, clay, asphalt, cement or wood. It is better to fall in the grass, but be sure to replace all divots.



4. The object of tennis (tenez) is to knock the ball into your opponent's court so that he can't knock it back. However, don't be surprised if you are sometimes **KNOCKWURST**.



5. When a player misses a ball, his opponent gets a point, which is 15. Another point is 30, and another point is 40. If both players get three points at the same time, it is called "deuce," which means "two." Tennis is a good game, but a poor way to learn arithmetic!

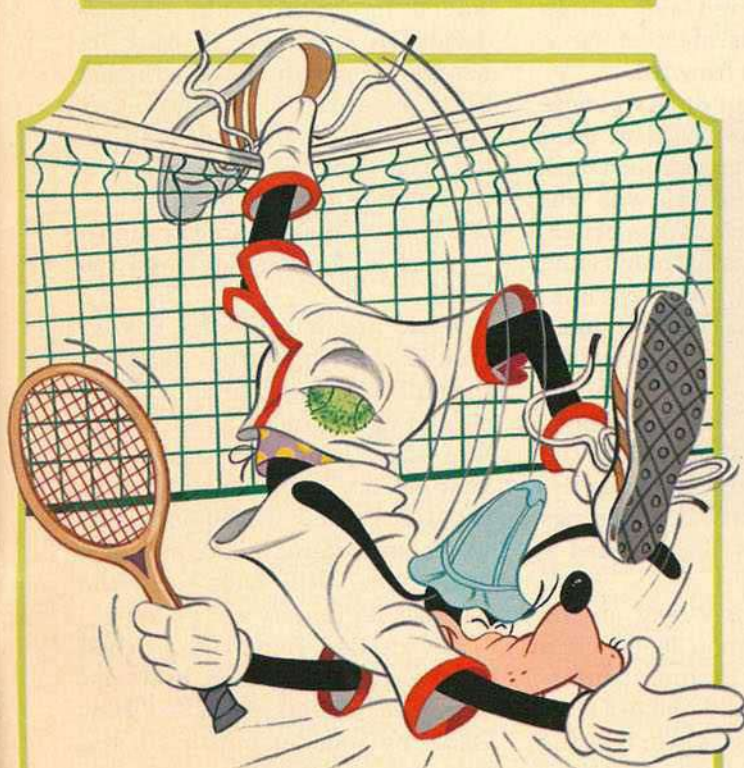
SCORE
1 = 15
15 x 15 = 30
30 x 15 = ~~45~~ 40
40/40 = ~~80~~
- 2 -



- 2.** You have to have a net to play tennis. The right kind of net is very important.



- 3.** To begin the game, one player serves the ball to the other. To do this, you toss the ball in the air and hit it over the net (without a serving platter).



- 6.** It is customary for the game winner to hurdle the net to congratulate his opponent on losing. You must have the right size feet to do this successfully.

Tips on Playing Tennis (TENEZ)

1. Correct tennis wear adds charm to this colorful sport: white socks, white shirt, white sweater, white shoes...
2. If you lose, be a good sport. Don't throw your racquet violently to the ground. This could break the racquet and be very costly. Throw your *opponent's* racquet to the ground.
3. If your opponent doesn't score, it's a "love" game, but you don't have to kiss each other.
4. Develop a forehand stroke (not four-hand), in which, when you swing your racquet, it vigorously presses against the ball in the line of its intended trajectory. If you don't know what "trajectory" means, develop a back stroke...or maybe that's another sport. *Tenez, anyone?*



Runaway on the Rogue River

Slim Durden whistled a tune to himself as he rattled along in his ancient truck. It was a pretty day. Tall trees formed a canopy of green over the road and occasionally Slim caught sight of the sun sparkling on the nearby lake.

Suddenly, a long, gray, snake-like thing slithered over Slim's shoulder. He was startled for a moment and then frowned.

"Barney, get your durn wet nose out of my pocket," Slim said sternly as he recognized the trunk of his trained elephant, who was riding in the back of the truck. Slim took a peanut out of his shirt pocket and slid it into the trunk, which then disappeared back through the rear window of the truck's cab.

Barney was a baby elephant, standing about six feet tall at the shoulder, and Slim made a fair living showing him at store openings and other events that needed a special attraction.

Slim's hands tightened on the steering wheel when he heard a *bang!* and felt a rhythmic thumping. The truck shuddered to a stop. Barney was still savoring his peanut when Slim prodded him and said, "Come on, Barney—out! We got a flat tire and I can't fix it with you in the truck."

Barney tried to be helpful while Slim changed the tire but only

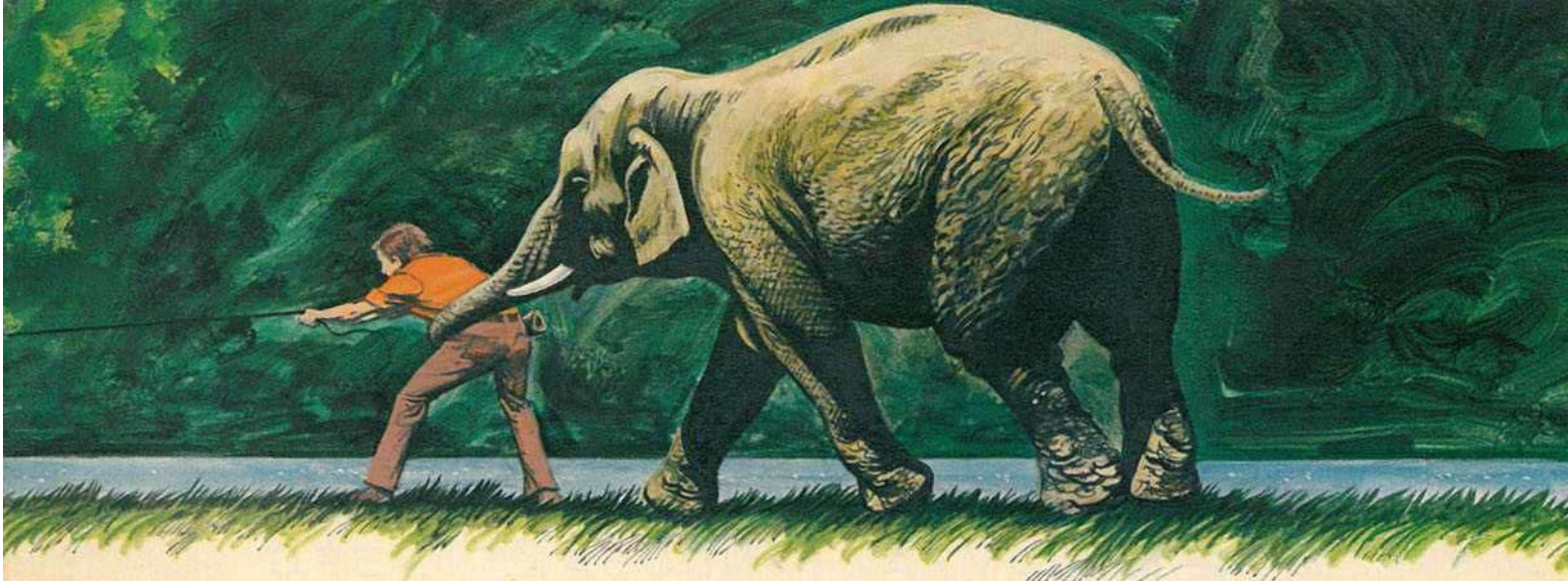
managed to get in the way. Finally Slim said impatiently, "Barney, get lost, will you?"

Barney followed orders. He shambled off into the forest bordering the road and disappeared into the brush. When he emerged he was on the shore of a lake and waded in for a drink. Barney decided a small log floating by needed inspecting and wrapped his trunk around it. Barney didn't notice a fish hook imbedded in the log. The hook was attached to a line leading away through the water. The line disappeared around a point of land jutting out into the lake.

With his trunk still curled around the log, Barney followed the pull of the log around the point of land and found himself face to face with a very surprised eleven-year-old boy furiously reeling in the line. Barney waded out of the water and offered his trunk for a handshake. Still wide-eyed, the boy took it gingerly and grinned.

The excited youngster reached into a rucksack near him and extracted a walkie-talkie. "Hey, Dad!" he shouted into it. "I just caught an elephant!"

"Listen, Jeff," a deep voice came back through the speaker, "I haven't time for any of your tall tales right now. Motor trouble. Come on back."



Jeff Peterson and his dad had been fishing from their houseboat when Jeff asked to be put ashore where he thought he'd have better fishing luck. Jeff didn't blame his dad for cutting him off abruptly. After all, catching an elephant was more than a fish story—it was a miracle. Jeff was getting his gear together when his dad's voice came in again:

"Jeff, I'm in real trouble. The motor's dead and I'm near the place where the lake drains into the river. Looks like the current is going to carry me down. Head for that spot by the river where you caught the big trout last year. I'll try to meet you there."

Slim had been following Barney's trail and reached the lake shore just as the boy and the elephant were starting out to intercept the houseboat.

"What are you doing with my elephant?" demanded Slim.

Jeff was close to tears. "Look, mister, my dad's in trouble on the river. Maybe you and your elephant can help save him. I'll explain later."

"Okay, son, let's go!"

Leading the way, Jeff moved at a dogtrot, and by the time the trio reached an embankment leading down to the river, Slim was winded. He waved the boy on. "Go on ahead. I'll catch up soon as I get my breath." Barney stayed with his master.

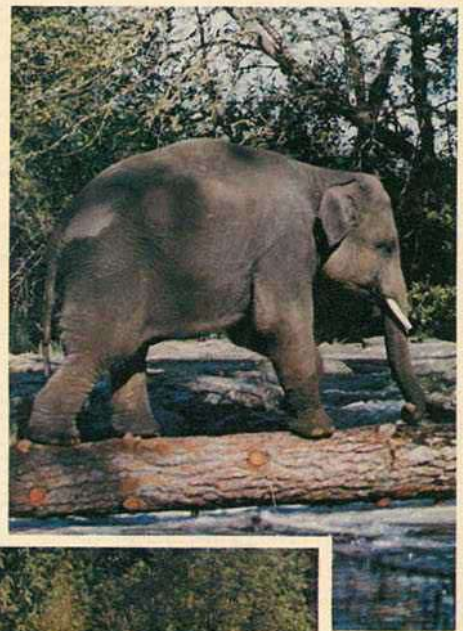
Just as Jeff reached the shore, the houseboat rocketed into view, carried by the rampant current.

As Jeff watched, the vessel seemed to catch on something and stopped. He could see his father on deck with the walkie-talkie. Jeff grabbed his and listened.

"Jeff, I think the anchor's caught on some rocks, but it won't hold in this current. We've got to get a rope to shore somehow, and I can't throw one that far."

"Stand by, dad," Jeff's voice came back. "I think I can do it."

Jeff knew there was a baseball in his rucksack. He tied a light line around it and gave the ball his



best throw. He saw it land on the houseboat near his father. In less than a minute Jeff was pulling a heavy rope toward shore. He ran to a tree, took a couple of turns of the rope around it and hung on. It started to slip.

Jeff dug in his heels, but was losing ground when he felt something tighten around his waist. He looked down and saw it was Barney's trunk. With Barney

holding him, Jeff was able to get a tighter snub on the tree and hold on until Slim could grab the rope and tie it off.

The houseboat swung toward shore like a huge pendulum. Jeff's dad jumped off and shook his head as he looked at his son, flanked by Barney and Slim. "Son," he said, "from now on I'm taking anything you tell me as the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

Jiminy Cricket

HOLIDAY HUNT

At least 14 days of the week or holidays are in the alphabet jungle below. When you find one, circle it.

Jiminy has given you answer number one.

HERGOTMIRELOFB(THURSDAY) LKM
 AAKSUNDAYZARIANDOSAKTIMEFO
 LHILDFAGHIBKCHRISTMASLNPO
 LQTUXABCIJORSVDEKORGSPFLUW
 OZGHMQUVXARYNWBWEDNESDAYRT
 WHIKOUZAIEDLQSWXYAEIOZIEA
 EZTUESDAYKAEWASHINGTONSAHE
 EIOBFKOLGDYOCHMQSTPNIEBIOU
 NRUVWXAYBZCDLEMFNGOHFIJFK
 QARESGTIVTMIXAZEYITZRAREJE
 SLINCOLNSAOTADVNTNINITYTAUL
 ABPQUIZCBNDNGROPEINTHDFHGL
 JANUMAVEIBDRMEMORIALASDBYW
 EVENINGSRTAIBSDAYOREYSANOT
 CEARLOCKTMYNVITORANDJEYANW
 EASTERITHDAVIADNJOHCONDSEFE
 THFISUDYDSTEESSATURDAYASCHR
 ERTNAFESATRDTDVRETAMSYEAPAI
 ARAENCOMYESEUANISTANEWRTRC

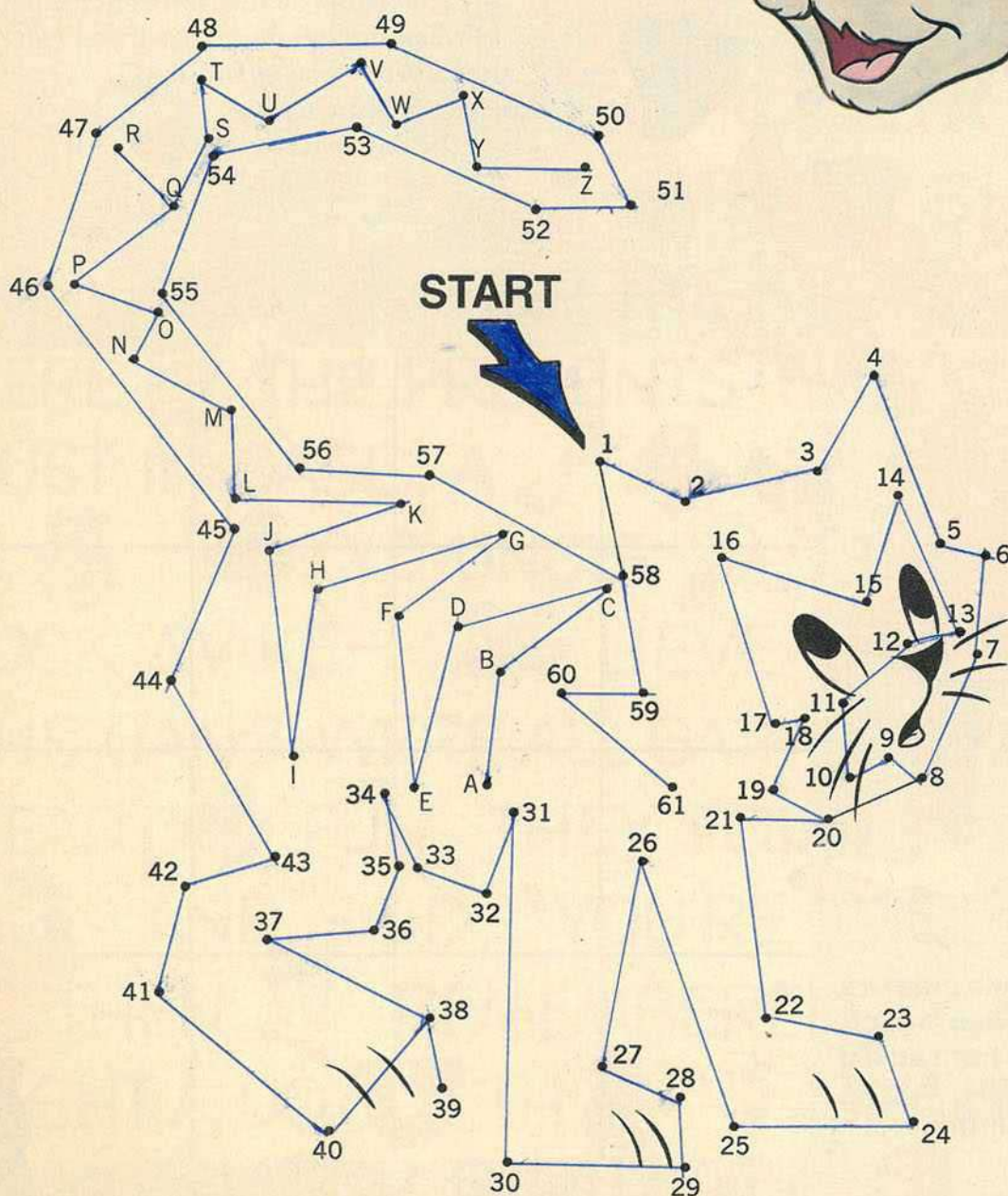
ANSWERS: To check your answers, hold this page upside-down in front of a mirror.



SCAMP'S

DOT
FUN

Scamp has his eye on someone. To find out who it is, just connect the numbered dots; then connect the letters in alphabetical order.



MICKEY and the SLEUTH

DOUBLE PUZZLE

Mickey and Sleuth have only the clues below to solve an ingenious double puzzle concocted by that master criminal, Professor Nefarious. See if you can help them. When you've finished, the puzzle should read the same across as it does down.



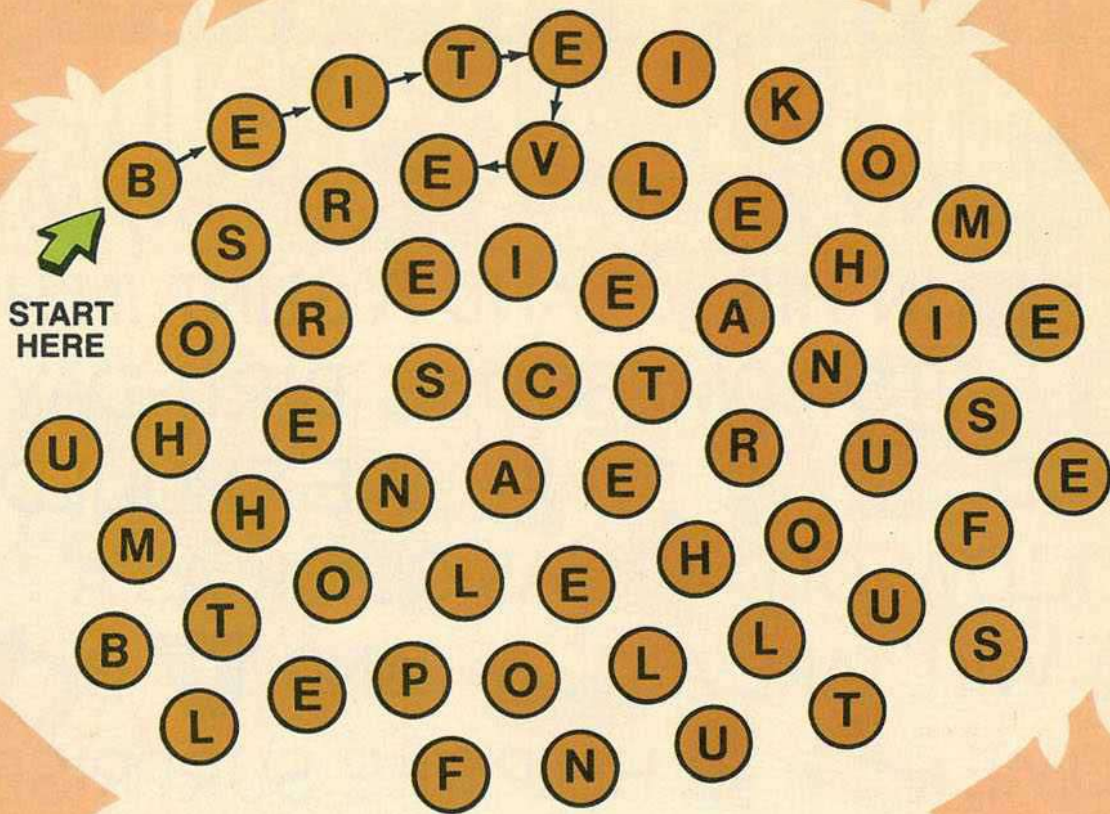
1.	2.	3.	4.
2.			
3.			
4.			

1. Aquatic creature
2. Peruvian Indian
3. Mark from an old wound
4. Very firm

ANSWERS: 1. Fish 2. Inca 3. Scar 4. Hard







Autumn HARVEST WORD HUNT

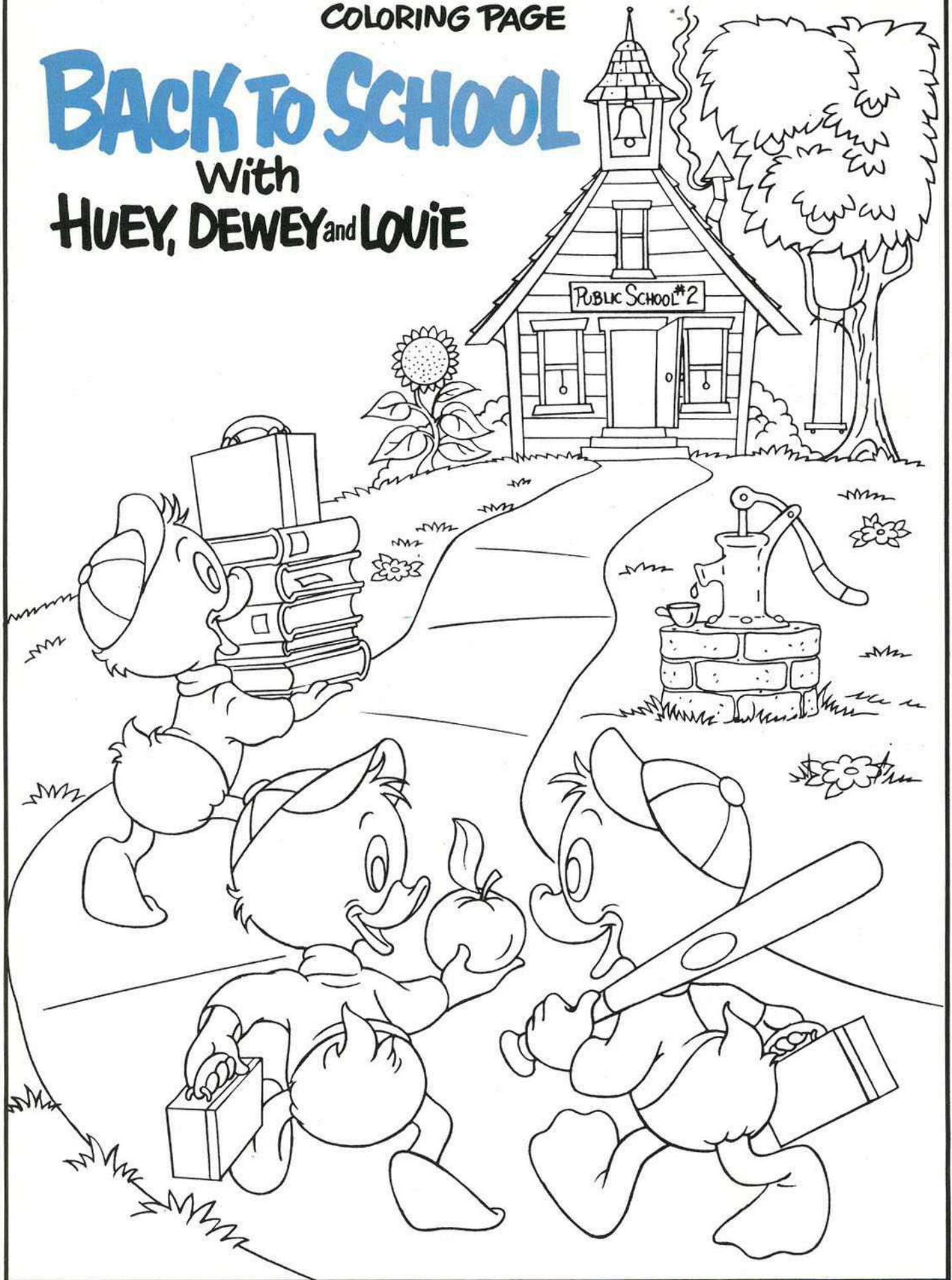
Autumn is the time of year when Chip 'n' Dale store up food for the winter. With this year's haul of nuts, they've sent you a special message. If you connect the letters with a line so that they form words, you'll find out what it is.

ANSWER: "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home in a treehouse full of nuts."

COLORING PAGE

BACK TO SCHOOL

With
HUEY, DEWEY and LOUIE



ALICE in WONDERLAND'S

TO READ THIS STORY,
JUST HOLD IT UP TO
YOUR MIRROR AT
HOME!

AND
START
HERE!

LOOKING GLASS STORY



FIND MY WAY!
BATH! NOW I'LL NEVER
IS SWEEPING AWAY THE
OH, NO! THE BRUSH DOG



HEY!



DOG!
NAUGHTY
NAUGHTY!



COLOR BACK!
GETTING MY
GOODNESS I'M
YES, BUT THANK



LOOK
A
PALE!
CHILD!

CHILD!
SELF,
YOUR-
CALM



I MUST BE SOMEWHERE
IF I'M NOT HERE
BUT I'M GONE! AND

